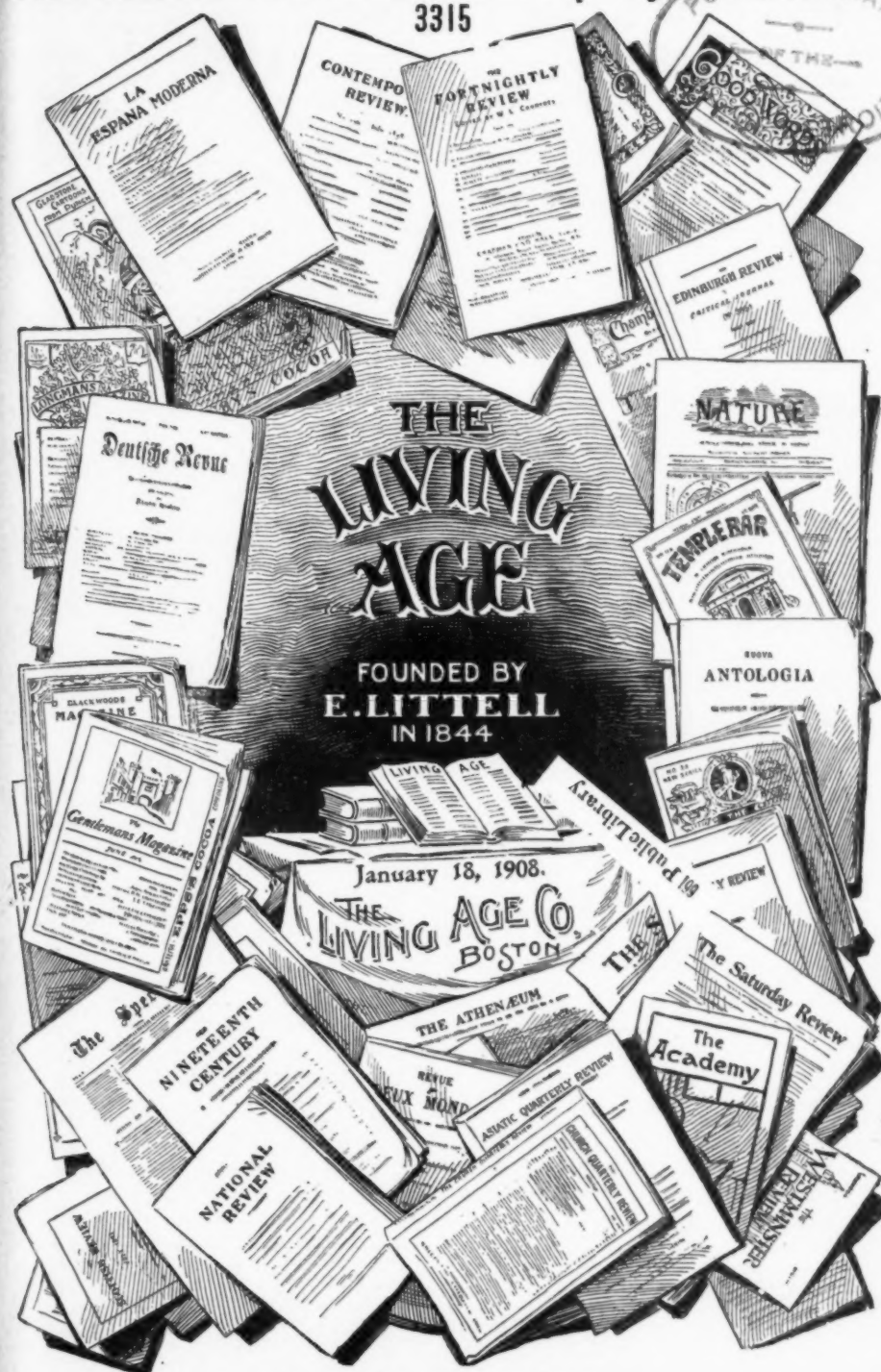


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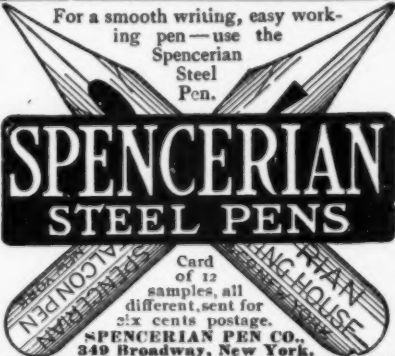
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SEVENTH SERIES }  
VOLUME XXXVIII.

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Vol. CCLVI.

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## THE MAMELUKE'S LEAP.

With clang of cymbals and rattle of drums,

In scarlet and in gold,  
My mates and I went forth to die  
In the heart of the Pasha's hold.  
There was never a voice to bid us stay,  
There was never a warning word,  
But the guests of his feast were the  
unclean beasts  
And the wide-winged scavenger bird.

But when we rode through the long bazaar

The traders all made way,  
And far and near men shrank in fear  
From the sight of our array,  
As with clank of scabbard and clatter of hoof

We rode to the Pasha's board,  
The cream and flower of the Mameluke's power,  
The masters of the sword.

When as we came to the citadel ramp  
The sun was red and high,  
But we looked our last e'er his light was passed

Upon God's good earth and sky.  
For as we rode up the citadel lane  
(And steep it is to ride)  
The way was blocked and the gates were locked,  
And death was on either side.

The Pasha's soldiers lined the road,  
Wild men from over sea,  
To left and right, in kirtles white,  
With guns and musketry.  
Small hope was there to scale the walls  
That frowned on either hand,  
From overhead the flying lead  
Made mock of steed and brand.

Our blades leapt out, our heels drove home,

We galloped to and fro,  
But never a man from rear to van  
Could reach the mocking foe.  
The red sparks flew from our chargers' hoofs,

The narrow roadway rang  
With curse and groan, with the bullet's moan,

And armor's clash and clang.

For me, I had passed the upper gate  
Or ever the fray began,  
And hand on haft I turned and laughed  
As the murderers fired and ran.  
I drove my mare to the platform wide  
Where the black guns stand a-row,  
With a shake of the rein I spurred amain  
And leapt to the desert below.

A jarring crash and a whirl of sand  
—It was fifty feet and more—  
And my mare lay dead, but I rose and fled,  
Though body and heart were sore,  
Through the Tombs of the Kings and the desert sand  
Till I met with a caravan;  
And far from the ken of the Pasha's men  
I dwell in Kordofan.

Now the curse of God and the Prophet of God,  
The curse of the Seven Imams,  
Lie heavy as lead on the Pasha's head  
And on each of his dog Nizams!  
But may grain and water of Paradise  
Be the lot of my gray mare,  
Who bore me clear from that house of fear

When my comrades perished there!  
*J. H. Knight-Adkin.*

*The Spectator.*

## OH THAT HIS HAND WOULD GUIDE ME

Oh that his hand would guide me  
Where there is none to mock,  
That I might creep  
Into some cave

And weep—with none to chide me—  
Where only the white flock  
Of the waste deep  
Wave upon wave

Might leap and play beside me;  
Oh that his hand would hide me  
As the shadow of a great rock  
That I might sleep.

*Gascoigne Mackie.*

## THE KAISER AND THE FUTURE.

It is characteristic of the British people, whether in domestic or foreign politics, and part of their strength as well as their weakness in both, that they are the least vindictive of races. Englishmen on the whole—there is no doubt of it, and their sharpest critics have little wish to dispute it—are sweet-blooded. As anticipation makes in the main for hope, memory is more apt to make for pessimism. The people of this country seem almost incapable of cherishing a retrospective passion, whether of pride or hate. Their great historical anniversaries do not genuinely move them in the mass. Their resentment hardly outlasts the provocation. In a word, our feelings can only be excited by the occurrence of facts—on this account are more formidable in a crisis—and we have no imaginative emotions. This does not apply to the Celts amongst us. It unquestionably applies still to the Saxon lump, although that has been more and more influenced everywhere in the last few decades by the Celtic leaven introduced into the large towns by railways and industrialism. "The Gods remember," and so do most nations. "By their great memories the Gods are known," repeats Mr. Meredith in one of his finest passages. In the English people as a whole the weakest of national memories goes together with the calmest blood.

When we seek for the explanation, we are apt to look to the question of race. But certain considerations show that this can hardly be the right line of inquiry. The French feel both the inspiration and the sting of the past in a sense hardly realized in this country south of the Tweed, though very familiar to all parties across the Irish Sea. This might seem to argue at first sight that there is a root of bitterness com-

mon to the Gallic and the Gaelic stock; but from which the Teutonic nations are exempt. The truth, however, is very different. The "terrible Celtic memory" itself is hardly more tenacious than the German. It is a fact not wholly unconnected with the pre-eminent possession by the Kaiser's subjects of the historical instinct. Whatever the cause there is no mistaking the effect. Every serious British student of the German mind is unfeignedly amazed to realize its freshness of resentment with regard to historic incidents many generations remote from present politics. Take, again, the American memory. There indeed you have one of the most remarkable factors in human affairs, a power which is infinitely hard to extirpate, in spite of all that happened in the Spanish-American war, and in spite of all that has been done by the unflinching research and realistic judgment of the newer historical school across the Atlantic. Mr. Hearst's election manifesto cabled as a letter to *The Times* was an instance of how international vengefulness, absolutely apart from any concrete matter of dispute, is cherished by a lamentably large number of persons—by no means all Irish-Americans or Germans—in the United States. For such successful cultivation of historical animosity no parallel can be found among the mass of the English people, using that term in the stricter rather than in the wider sense. It was not always so. While peril was permanent prejudice was unsleeping. France was regarded for centuries with a set and steady antagonism because she returned again and again to the struggle for the sea and the threat of invasion. Her potential capacity for hurting or destroying us continued to be very

great until the results of Sedan altered the equation in every way. The sequel furnished another striking illustration of that theme which would crown all the work of Captain Mahan's career if he could be induced to deal with it on a full scale—the influence of land-power upon sea-history.

Again, the political sweet-bloodedness of England, though doubtless a tendency which had been always latent, was not always apparent. Our civil wars were the most humane in history up to their time. But party warfare was waged in the Georgian era with moral ferocity, and our capacity for cherishing settled hatreds was still vital. After Trafalgar the evolution of a more civilized spirit in our foreign and domestic politics was hastened, and in quite recent years it seems to have been completed. We have had our fierce ebullitions of feeling directed in various cases against various peoples, but no retrospective passion has survived. A large number of Englishmen have utterly lost the power of political hatred. They do not know what it means. It seems to them not natural—though this in the past it has been—but Satanic. With the remainder of the English people the disappearance of an international danger apparently directed against this country removes all prejudice against the authors of it. Imaginative emotion on racial issues can only be aroused by the belief that we are urgently threatened by a permanent peril or by the repeated provocations of unfriendly diplomacy. The rise in the sphere of world-policy of some fixed condition of facts obviously threatening our Imperial existence, would at once revive in the great majority of Englishmen the capacity for tenacious passion. We know what happened to the phlegmatic temper even of the Dutch when national disaster became irremediable and the two de Witts were torn to

pieces. Tennyson felt the truth when he threatened any Government or Admiralty responsible for the supreme failure with "the wild mobs' million feet." There can be no doubt indeed that as a consequence of crushing naval disaster, or successive naval panics, if genuine fear of the loss of the sea should by any means be created, the English people would become vindictive, and possibly cruel. Sweet-bloodedness would cease to be a British characteristic, and our capacity for hating rivals as we hated France, and hating their leaders as we hated Napoleon, would revive.

At present that tremendous and dangerous, though illogical, force does not exist in us. All trace of it has vanished. And our international prejudices one and all have disappeared or are else dormant, simply because every appearance of urgent danger to our Imperial position has subsided. We have returned in this respect to the mood of more than fifty years ago, before the Crimean war. We have even bettered that mood. Certain New York editors of more repute than Mr. Hearst have lately begun to maintain that English friendship for the United States is an organized hypocrisy. Among all the political illusions of the age this is the strangest and most sinister. The sentiments excited between Great Britain and the United States by the Cuban campaign were doubtless carried on both sides to an insincere excess partly responsible for the present reaction. But except for an insignificant minority amongst us—microscopic in numbers and influence by comparison with the anti-British elements across the Atlantic—the desire for close friendship with the United States never was so widespread, so real, so deep in this country as it is now. Again, attachment to the *entente cordiale* with France is as genuine a sentiment as ever has existed among

the English people in connection with foreign policy. The feelings with which we regarded our Japanese allies during the war are quite unchanged. That does not induce us to ignore the existence or to minimize the gravity of the Asiatic immigration problem, but neither are we to be led into envenoming that problem by a spirit of race prejudice. Up to a moment which seems like yesterday antagonism to Russia was the fixed idea of the popular mind in foreign policy. Traces of that feeling still survive, chiefly among those who represent traditional Anglo-Indian theories, and show no sufficient understanding of the diplomatic revolution which has been wrought in Europe. But as a popular force feeling against Russia is as dead in this country as feeling against France.

And in the last few weeks has happened a thing far more remarkable when all the circumstances are considered. The German Emperor, after a long and momentous interval of dangerous strain, has re-visited this country. By a universal popular instinct, equally irresistible and wise, he has been received with extraordinary tact and warmth. The visit was not intended to have definite political consequences. Nominally nothing is changed. In reality the imponderabilia are for the moment profoundly modified. Whether this new mood will endure it is as yet impossible to say. But for the present it exists. For the present every wise observer will rejoice in it, though no responsible person will attempt for an instant to launch into sweeping and unguarded prophecy.

The German Emperor and British democracy are once more reconciled to each other. That is in itself a political event, and no light one, nor is it a cause for anything but satisfaction. To bring about any deeper change in the diplomatic relations of the two

countries, if any deeper change is for the moment desired or necessary, a visible and serious change would have to occur in obvious tendencies which are on the whole unlikely to be altered. There is no *entente*, and there is no basis for one. But to borrow Prince Bülow's convenient terminology, there is undoubtedly a *détente*. That, as we shall see, is amply sufficient for all practical purposes, and it is an undoubted relief to the statesmen and peoples of both countries. In our more intimate connections there is no change, and there will be none; but our relations with Germany have been placed upon a more businesslike and unprejudiced footing than they had stood upon for more than ten years. That must be welcomed. A great German Navy has been created in the interval. That must not be forgotten. It is a new and concrete factor. It is not an immediate peril. It is an immense potentiality. We recognize that the Germans cannot be expected to cease from developing their fleet. But for us, on the other hand, that fleet must always be the most prominent and interesting object in the whole field of European politics. We may regard it without panic or animosity of any kind, but not without constant attention and thought. Fleets in being are great and notable facts. The intentions with which they are built are subject to time and accident. A great gain has been secured in this country by the perception that the creation of the German Fleet has been in the natural course of political evolution. The gain will be doubled when Germans as generally attempt to do equal justice to the British point of view, and realize that our new naval pre-occupations are as serious as German naval development, and must necessarily have as profound an influence upon British reflections as the building of the new fleet across the North Sea has exer-

closed upon the imagination of the Kaiser's subjects. Our situation is like that of a man with a house in a fine position, and commanding an uninterrupted prospect, who sees the gradual building of a wall which may some day shut out his view. While sea-power is to Germans but a part of their aspiration, to us it is the whole of our life. It remains to be seen whether this fact will gradually become more widely recognized in Germany, and whether that recognition, if it appears, will have any influence in modifying, whether as to speed or direction, the recent tendencies of German naval policy.

These, however, belong to an entirely different order of ideas from those which have possessed the plain man during the Kaiser's visit. The country has understood that the visit was above all a personal event. We have given the Kaiser without difficulty a genuine and generous welcome. He came as the guest of the King. He has been received as the guest of the nation. And he has been unmistakably met as one whom the mass of Englishmen are delighted to honor. They set themselves to give him a chivalrous reception for chivalrous reasons, and without the slightest touch of political *arrière pensée*. Without hoping or thinking that anything but a real improvement of international good feeling would follow, the English people gave way with a wholesome and courageous magnanimity to their spontaneous feeling for the German Emperor. In their minds the political and the personal issues were absolutely separated. The average man who cheered the Kaiser regarded the naval problem between the two countries as put aside, not as finally removed. He knew that it is likely to remain a serious problem. He did not expect the Germans to stop building ships. He did not quite see how the fundamental

facts with which statesmanship has to deal are to be changed on either side. The average man, who keeps on the whole a steady instinct for broad issues, felt all the breadth of that difference, which it would be hypocritical to ignore, between the personal and the political conditions; and he did not think when he was welcoming the Kaiser with sincere and whole-hearted enthusiasm that he was cheering the naval problem out of existence.

The average man knew better. But his brain spun no diplomatic webs of any kind. He hardly thought of the probable effect of the visit upon Anglo-German relations. He hoped on the whole that the result would be excellent; he felt that it would bring about, for a time at least, a vast improvement in the tone of Anglo-German intercourse; but there was no real expectation of any fundamental change in the political conditions; nor was there for a single moment the slightest acceptance of the theory that German naval expansion is henceforth a thing which need not be thought about or guarded against. But we shall postpone for a later page any closer inquiry into the political sub-consciousness of the English people in connection with the Imperial visit. The main point to be grasped is that the welcome to Kaiser Wilhelm was a remarkable demonstration of personal sympathy with the German Emperor, and of unchanged admiration for the most human and brilliant among the political personalities of the age. Our visitor appeals to the Anglo-American mind as Mr. Roosevelt does, and as Mr. Chamberlain did. Like any other character with which we might compare him, he has strong faults to correspond with strong qualities. He is regarded as a man of deeds and a man of achievement, and with that sporting instinct of democracy which corresponds to the sense of chivalry under feudalism,



the man in the street is quite prepared with the utmost realism and good sense to admire William the Second, even for his native vigor, and ability, whether the political results be ultimately advantageous to this country or not. It is looked upon as a matter of course that the German Emperor should promote the interests of his own Empire with the utmost of his intelligence and his strength, and his people are thought upon the whole to be very fortunate in possessing him. Listening to the remarks in the street, and to the conversation in railway trains during the last few weeks, it was impossible to doubt that the psychology of the Emperor William's reception was just what we are here trying to describe. No doubt such a separation of personal popularity from political sentiment is rarely known, and could hardly exist in connection with any other ruling personality in the world.

Other sovereigns are nearly always symbols of the political significance of their dominions. They embody a national or Imperial idea. Even Mr. Roosevelt is accepted as the incarnation of the American idea. But it is a curious tribute to the extraordinary vividness of the Emperor William's personality that as an individual, as a character, as a human being full of the assimilative sympathy of genius, and endowed with the gift of intimacy in his utterances, he exerts a dramatic effect upon the world's imagination entirely apart from any consideration of the merits or demerits of his acts, or from the influence on the interests of other nations of the policy he pursues as the Imperial leader of more than sixty millions of people. At almost any earlier period during the last few years, however, the Kaiser would have received a much cooler reception. Of this fact there can be no doubt whatever, but neither is there any doubt as

to the meaning of the fact. The Kaiser's personal popularity—except perhaps for one brief hour of total eclipse—has never been extinguished in this country; but at any earlier moment of King Edward's reign it would have been felt by the English people to be politically unsafe to give unrestrained expression to their hearty liking for the Kaiser. Now they feel that they can do it with impunity; they have done it with a will; and in removing some misconceptions in one direction they have happily averted fresh misunderstandings in another quarter. To realize how this has come about we may compare the great scene at the Guildhall a few days ago with the German Emperor's similar visit to the City some sixteen years before. At the opening of his reign the German Emperor dazzled the world by the rapidity and unexpectedness of his movements. He seemed a being impelled by an erratic and dangerous energy. His resounding phrases challenged all the prejudices of the democratic age, and it was believed that his whole nature would work in spite of itself for war. The romantic and elegiac strain in his temperament was expressed in terms of eloquence so remote from the thought and temperament of ordinary men that the new Kaiser was thought to be extravagant where he was most sincere and most like a Hohenzollern. The flying tours to all the great capitals in Europe, except Paris and Madrid, were, as we can now see, the perfectly natural expression of the young ruler's impulsive eagerness to see and know.

History will record this phase of the Kaiser's reign with sympathy. To the democratic countries it was chiefly a subject for caricature, and the English and the American Press were the worst offenders. Then came the Iron Chancellor's dismissal. The incredible news fell upon foreign opinion like a

thunderclap. It was received with amazement and with a universal instinct of misgiving, but not with active disapproval. Here was felt to be an experiment which might be justified by results, though it could not be justified otherwise. But the act, whatever might be thought of it, changed the whole point of view from which the German Emperor had been regarded. "*A cette heure je suis roi,*" said the young Louis XIII., looking down from a window in the Louvre upon the executioners of the Marshal d'Ancre. Henceforth William the Second was Emperor indeed. The dismissal of Bismarck was an act in itself so dramatic and so colossal that it will live in history for ever, like the killing of Cæsar or the death of Cromwell. The German Emperor by that act became himself henceforth one of the unforgettable personalities bound to be vividly remembered by posterity in one sense or another. The summoning of the Labor Conference at Berlin suggested to idealists that a *régime* of progress and Liberalism might be substituted for the Titanic force and craft of the man who made the Empire. Prince Hohenlohe's *Memoirs* have only recently shown how profound were the differences between the old statesman and the new sovereign. No solution was possible but the resignation of the one or the self-effacement of the other. But unless the third volume of Bismarck's *Gedanken und Erinnerungen* should flatly disprove Prince Hohenlohe's statements, we should have to believe that the Iron Chancellor's dismissal was an immense service to the cause of peace. Upon French opinion the impression made by this inauguration of a new era was good. Since then there has been no great conflict among European nations.

In England it was generally believed that the young Emperor was quite prepared for an alliance with this country.

We were not yet ready to emerge from splendid isolation, but we were willing to go to the utmost in the direction of benevolent neutrality. We had settled our East African differences with Germany on a very amicable and sensible basis. Some of the ablest political thinkers amongst us were of opinion that an Anglo-German alliance was the true goal of our foreign policy. The advocates of this combination thought that the co-operation of the greatest military nation with the greatest sea Power would be of irresistible influence, whether in peace or war. It was urged that Germany had no fleet of her own, and that her rising commerce needed sea protection; and it was pointed out on the other hand that England had won all her great wars in military alliance with one or other of the great German States. This reasoning was very persuasive, but it ignored the fact—and there was some temporary excuse for ignoring it—that pacific relations with Russia are the fundamental principle of German policy. But between Queen Victoria's subjects and the Kaiser's subjects there was, in the early 'nineties at least, an *entente cordiale*, and it was encouraged for some years by the conciliatory and enlightened spirit of Count Caprivi's Chancellorship. It was in these circumstances that the Kaiser paid his first State visit to the Guildhall in 1891, and there he won general applause by the emphasis with which he expressed his determination to maintain the peace of the world.

Nothing could be more unexpected and startling to English opinion than the course of events during the following years. We have no intention of recalling the disturbing factors in detail. Our present business is simply to name them. The league of France, Germany, and Russia against Japan was in no sense immediately directed against British interests, but it re-

vealed new possibilities of enormous peril. Then came the telegram to Mr. Kruger, and everything in our political attitude towards the German Emperor was changed in an instant. The nature of that incident is often misunderstood. There was no antagonism to the German Emperor because he had condemned the Jameson Raid; but the Kaiser's telegram ignored the British claim to suzerainty over the Transvaal, and treated Mr. Kruger as the head of a wholly independent State, entitled to contract alliances. That was a very real and a very weighty issue. But, again, what alarmed the world most of all was the utterly unexpected and yet dangerous character of the Emperor's act. It was felt thenceforward that his incalculable initiative might fall like a bolt from the blue upon any point in the whole sphere of international policy. The occupation of Kiaochau, and the apparently sympathetic seizure of Port Arthur, increased the British sense of insecurity. With the concession for the Bagdad Railway the Kaiser's intervention seemed as daring and successful in the Near East as it had appeared in the Far East. The possibilities of German expansion seemed illimitable, and simultaneously with her diplomatic audacity, her commercial and maritime progress, went forward with giant strides. Next came the founding of the modern German Fleet, which is practically the creation of the last seven years, and already contains fifty thousand seamen. It was now, if the expression may be permitted, brilliantly plain that unless there were some change in the position of splendid isolation revealed by the South African war, German policy would dominate the continent more completely than ever before, and would soon be in a position to arbitrate upon the fate of the British Empire. But through all this, while Teutophobia rose steadily and stubbornly in reply

to the fury of Anglophobia among the Kaiser's subjects during the Boer war, there never was any ungenerous or vindictive change of feeling towards the Kaiser in person. As the author of the Kruger telegram he had been for a short time decidedly unpopular. That passed very rapidly, and not the slightest shadow of a trace of vindictiveness on account of that ill-starred episode any longer remains in the mind of any Englishman. And during the war the German Emperor had refused to receive Mr. Kruger.

Even the Tangiers adventure had a singular effect upon the English people. They were determined once for all to stand by France and bear out in the letter and the spirit the new obligations of friendship they had undertaken. They disapproved of German policy in Morocco. They would even have been willing to resist it in arms had the quarrel resulted in an open attack upon France. The descent upon Tangiers as a political act was strongly disliked by the English people. But it was again a daring and brilliant manoeuvre, as unexpected as a new tableau in a play, and it appealed to the instinct of hero-worship which is ineradicable in the English character, and compels us to admire in sport and politics and war every remarkable display of courage and ability, whether shown at our own expense or not.

We call ourselves a prosaic race, which we are not, and a practical race, which, when we can be roused to deal with matters, we pre-eminently are. But we are also not merely the least logical but the most paradoxical of peoples. The real secret of the difference in our attitude towards the Kaiser's person and towards German policy during the last twelve years is to be found in the fact that the German Emperor throughout that period has been reminding us that he is the son of an English mother, and that his whole temperament has been colored and profoundly influenced by his real-

ization of what the British Empire really means, and by his love of our sea. In his whole instincts and aptitudes he is a seaman to the fingertips, for the sea is the element on which the poetic temperament will probably always conquer as on land the mathematical, and Nelson would have understood the German Emperor perfectly, and liked him much. In depth and range of personal emotion combined with virile courage and resolution, they would have found themselves akin. We have felt that even in the episodes by which British opinion has been most alienated or alarmed, the German Emperor was doing nothing more nor less than applying British instincts and experience to German policy. During the first seven years of his reign he was an annual visitor to the Cowes Regatta. When the *Meteor* won the Queen's Cup in 1893 he steered his yacht with his own hand—a feat which was deservedly as popular as the victory of Ladas.

After the Kruger telegram these intimate relations between the German Emperor and British democracy were interrupted, to the regret of both sides. "They stood aloof, the scars remaining," but neither knew well how to put an end to that period of strain without suggesting political consequences that would not be in reality implied. It was undoubtedly during this first long interval of absence that the German Emperor's mind began to work most powerfully upon the subject of naval development. British goodwill had indeed been jeopardized by his own act and by that alone; but from the moment when the late Lord Gosen equipped the flying squadron, the Kaiser set to work, as in all the circumstances he was doubtless bound to do, to create the new navy which has been the memorable, and in the future may quite possibly prove the epoch-making episode of his reign. But again the distinction between the characteristics of the person and the

unavoidable dangers of the policy were clear to the British mind. We admired an achievement by far the most remarkable of its kind since the days of Colbert. We guarded by every means in our power, and we shall still be compelled inflexibly to guard against the possible consequences, but when the Kaiser used all his versatility and energy to popularize the naval movement, when he carried on the campaign by speeches and letters, telegrams and diagrams, our admiration only grew. We had a paradoxical sort of dramatic sympathy with the policy which we on our part were necessarily and ruthlessly determined to combat and neutralize if we could. But we could no more cherish feelings of personal dislike towards the German Emperor for his naval campaign than we could harbor personal ill-will against Captain Mahan because his books have exposed our national secret to the world, and have been the indirect origin of the German Fleet. "Our future lies on the water"—that was a splendid phrase, but it was infinitely more expressive to the majority of the English than it could be to the majority of the German people; and that motto, with its immediate effect in crystallizing British purposes, has been a great service to the British Empire.

The Kaiser paid a famous visit to Windsor at the beginning of the Boer war, was captivating in his personal demeanor, and discussed the Bagdad Railway. But this occasion though of profound interest to keen politicians was least noticed by the British public at large. The visit was scarcely over when it was swept out of popular memory by the disasters of the Boer war, and Count Bülow's speech accompanying the introduction of the Navy Bill was charged with an atmosphere of intense unfriendliness towards this country. Political relations were also strained by the searching of the German steamers. But with the death of Queen Victoria there occurred the most

striking and significant by far of all the episodes in the personal relations between the German Emperor and the English people. The Kaiser was in the midst of the splendid celebrations of one of the most notable anniversaries in the annals of his house. It was the second centenary of the foundation of the Kingdom of Prussia, and had reminded all Europe of the incomparable alternations of triumph and disaster by which the rise of modern Germany has been attended. Without a moment's hesitation Kaiser Wilhelm quitted the festivities and set out for England. The chivalry and sincerity of his bearing made a profound impression upon this country. It will be interesting to remember what happened, and the situation was accurately described at the time in these pages. The German Emperor's journey was not approved by the majority of his subjects. When he bestowed the Black Eagle upon Lord Roberts it was the most unpopular act of his reign. "The prolongation of Kaiser Wilhelm's visit and bestowal of the order of the Black Eagle upon Lord Roberts signified, not a *rapprochement* between the British and the German peoples, but a breach between the German people and the German Emperor."<sup>1</sup> That was at the time true, when war in South Africa and Anglo-phobia upon the Continent still raged together. But the same writer continued, and his words were obviously colored by the genuine sentiment of the hour. "At the moment of the Kaiser's tender homage to the dead Queen our hearts went out to him with an irresistible affection. The last traces of the pencil upon an old telegram were effaced. Whatever happens in the future, the Emperor William can never again quite lose the attachment of his mother's country, which would still regard him, if the fate of the two Empires came even to the worst, with tragic affection." But

that view, too, was sound, and events have confirmed it. Up to the present then the German Emperor's popularity has continued since Queen Victoria's funeral, and was not forfeited even in the Morocco crisis.

It might even be said that the Kaiser has been more popular upon the occasion of this journey than during any previous visit, except the solemn and touching one to which we have referred. The reason is probably to be found in the result of the last Reichstag elections, and the dramatic vigor with which the anti-Socialist campaign was won and emphasized. Last autumn, half a generation after Bismarck's fall, Nemesis seemed to have appeared over the Kaiser's throne, a scornful and implacable shadow. To the overwhelming majority of his own subjects he seemed the lonely figure of a Sovereign convicted of failure in domestic and external policy alike, and exposed to a tempest of obloquy. He was spared by no section of the Press, and the bitter *brochures* published by "Schwarzseher" and Count Reventlow expressed in deliberate language an unsparing indictment of the capacity and even of the nerve and courage of the ruler. The dissolution of the Reichstag last December came like a thunderclap, and in the teeth of all presumption the German Emperor's policy was ratified for all Imperial purposes by the vote of the immense majority of his subjects. Upon domestic issues the heavy balance of the voting was against Prince Bülow, in spite of the fact that his supporters carried the larger number of the seats. But even the Centre, though engaged in deadly, and, as far as it was directly concerned, in triumphant hostilities with the Fourth Chancellor, has shown that on all fundamental Imperial issues where the distinctive ideas of the Kaiser's reign are involved, it is only nominally an Opposition. The brilliant success of the German Government in the elections was in startling

<sup>1</sup> "Fortnightly Review," April, 1901.



contrast with the temporary eclipse following Algeciras, and restored throughout Europe the legend of the Kaiser's personal prestige. The effect was nowhere greater than in this country, for reasons closely connected with the state of our own domestic politics. There is not the slightest doubt, in a word, that the German Emperor is more popular amongst us than is any other man outside the British Empire, and there is every reason to think that his popularity will endure.

What of the consequences? That is a much more difficult matter to analyze. For the last seven years the sense of profound opposition between British and German policy has steadily strengthened and was never more obvious than during The Hague Conference.

The conditions, though obstinate in their character, are simple. Just as the Kaiser's personal popularity is undoubted, King Edward's subjects are perfectly friendly towards the German people. We are not influenced in the least by envy, malice, and uncharitableness. We are not jealous: we are too completely and dangerously confident of our commercial superiority. We are not moved by fear. For, on the one hand, the Navy never was relatively so powerful in Europe as it is in the present interval before the launching of the foreign *Dreadnoughts* has fairly begun; and, on the other hand, a European coalition has been rendered impossible. To act so that it shall remain impossible is no small part of the fundamental and permanent business of British diplomacy. There is no practical belief in the possibility of effective invasion. The average man is disquieted as well as fascinated by the progress of aerial navigation. He thinks that the island may be continentalized by some ultimate system of through-traffic in the air. He thinks our safety may be threatened in the end by flying fleets of airships. The danger of effective

military invasion seems a speculative peril almost as remote and vague, though there is a growing sense of the fact that the world is changing very rapidly, that diplomatic combinations, though an excellent support, are a bad foundation, and that some day there may be a real chance of destroying the British Empire by a blow at the heart fatal to our credit and influence. For the present, however, there has been a diplomatic revolution and a naval revolution which have vastly strengthened the position of this country. Consequently we are no longer influenced in regard to Germany by panic or even by acute apprehension. Finally, what we began by calling the sweet-bloodedness of the English character, joined as it is with the sense of fairplay and with the unchangeable dislike of carrying any sentiment whatever to a point where it lends itself to caricature, has unquestionably caused a certain revulsion of feeling. The British people, in a word, do not intend to hate the German people, simply because we may possibly have to fight them. If we fight them at all, it will be in a future which seems more distant than it did.

Before the Japanese war, we had none of the cards, and Berlin held a hand so strong that we might well fear to be beggared. The movement for an entire revision of our foreign relations was not irrational at all, but strictly rational. Mere Teutophobia had nothing whatever to do with it. We felt, precisely as the Germans now do with regard to their fleet, that we could not afford to remain at the mercy of any one nation whatever, much less of one nation which was showing itself more inclined and potent to do us injury. Writers are not very sagacious or not very honest who pretend that blind, unreasoning and hysterical Jingoism at the expense of Germany has played any serious part in the international transactions of the last few years. Not at all. The pioneers



who worked unceasingly to influence public opinion in favor of a bold settlement with Russia, and who pleaded simultaneously for a reconciliation with France—like those other thinkers studying the problem from a different point of view who had advocated an alliance with Japan long before the first treaty was concluded—these were actuated not in the least shadow of a degree by hatred of Germany, for, on the contrary, most of them were deeply indebted to German culture and profoundly attached to the German people, but were moved solely and alone by love of England. Let us see to it that this does not become in any circumstances less vigilant and competent than it was. During the crisis of the South African war the country was in danger, and it was saved by the strength of the Fleet and by nothing else in the world. The Japanese alliance was not effected until our success in the Boer struggle was certain. But from that point under King Edward's reign all the conditions were altered. The *entente cordiale* has been created and maintained. The Russian negotiations have been carried to a conclusion, placing our relations with the Tsar's Government upon a safer and sounder footing than they had stood upon for several generations. But the German critics were wholly mistaken in the view to which some color was unfortunately given by Prince Bülow himself. Our object was not at all to enclose Germany with an iron ring of hostile alliances. Our object was to restore the equilibrium of Europe and to make impossible a Continental coalition against ourselves. We were not only entitled to pursue these aims. We should have been criminal had we not pursued them. The efforts of our diplomacy were legitimate; they were vital to our safety; we have realized them; and the prospects of peace are the better for it.

But again the psychology of the English people came promptly into play.

As soon as they had felt that they had made themselves as secure as is humanly possible, short of an extension of military training and the achievement of Imperial Union, they quite ceased to feel any active and general hostility towards Germany. On the contrary, they feel, and rightly, that they have still much to learn from that Empire in intellectual method, social organization, and Imperial spirit. They feel that no prejudice should be allowed to interrupt for one moment the mental intercourse between the two countries. The English people, like most other democracies, worship, above all things in politics, strength. Whether it leads them or threatens them, they feel its fascination. They admire a great nation as they admire a great man. Just as they are irresistibly drawn by the German Emperor's personality, they are full of friendly and cordial feeling towards his subjects. They have not one touch of *schadenfreude*. That is too small a passion for them to entertain.

At the same time, we have no illusions. There is an extraordinary improvement in the state of political feeling. There is no change in the state of political facts. Nations, in despite of their best intentions, are liable to changes of mood, and if the mood of the German people alters after a certain number of years, they will have a new and tremendous instrument in their hands.

The sincerity of the German Emperor's declaration in the Guildhall made a profound impression upon all who heard it. The Kaiser is bent upon peace. His people desire it. The conditions of Europe seem to ensure it. A European coalition against Germany is as impossible as a coalition against England has become. Diplomacy has created an unprecedented system of self-acting securities for peace. Kaiser Wilhelm is as popular in this country as at any moment of his reign. We cherish the heartiest wishes that his

quiet holiday upon our soil may restore him to full health and vigor. Between the British and the German peoples the ordinary cordialities and courtesies of life are renewed. There need

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be no more passion in the work of keeping our naval lead than in building the *Lusitania*. There must be not less energy.

Calchas.

## MEMORIES OF A LONDON CLUB.

BY DAVID MASSON; ] AS DICTATED TO HIS DAUGHTER, FLORA MASSON.\*

One evening in the year 1844, when I was in London, George Henry Lewes took me with him to a kind of literary club, or rather a gathering of literary acquaintances of his, which met from time to time in a house at the foot of Northumberland Street, that narrow street which struck off from Charing Cross and ran down from the Strand to the riverside. In an upper room of this house I found a number of men seated, some on chairs, some on wooden benches, talking and smoking,—not more than twenty, perhaps, altogether. Lewes pointed out some of them to me. One was Douglas Jerrold, whom I had not seen before. There was a good deal of talk going on among them, but nothing of any special interest to me. I do not know what may have been the case on other occasions, but that evening was rather dull, though I had an impression that Douglas Jerrold was the talker most in request. That was my sole experience of this little gathering, which continued, I suppose, for a year or two after that. But in 1847, when I was again in London, I found that this occasional meeting of friends in the upper room in Northumberland Street had transmuted itself into a more regular club, called the *Museum Club*, probably because some of its chief

members were readers in the British Museum. It rented a house in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, on the right side of the street as you go down from St. Martin's Lane, and near the Market; and it was a club of the usual sort, open all day as well as in the evenings, and where members could breakfast and dine. I became a member of this club. Though on a modest scale, it was a very useful club of its sort. There were a good many members,—perhaps a hundred or more altogether,—of whom a few used to dine there, and a considerable number used to meet in the evenings for talk and smoke in an upper room. Among the members who generally met there were Douglas Jerrold, again a kind of chief; Charles Knight, not so often; Hepworth Dixon; the Irish Moriarty; Captain Chesterton, the governor of Coldbath Fields Prison; T. K. Hervey, the editor of "The Athenæum"; and, I think, Shirley Brooks. I remember a great many evenings of extremely interesting talk there, and a great deal of vivacity and brilliance among its members; and I made a number of new acquaintances after I joined the club, some of them rather useful to me. For example, T. K. Hervey, at one of the first meetings at which I was present, asked me whether I would care to contribute to "The Athenæum," and, on hearing that I should be very glad to do so, promised to send me a book now and then to

These memories were dictated to me by my father, on winter evenings, six years ago. When they were written I read them aloud to him; and as they stood then, they are now printed.—F. M.

review. And I remember what he then said to me—

"I have nothing more to say than this: When I send you a book, say exactly what you think of it; and if you don't like it, if you think it bad, say so—even if it should be my own brother's.

The consequence of this talk was that I became a regular contributor to "*The Athenæum*," hardly a week passing in which I did not have something or other in that paper so long as T. K. Hervey continued to be editor, after which time I did little or nothing for it. At the time, this was an arrangement of some consequence to me.

So, for a year or two, the Museum Club prospered. But eventually a good many of its original members had ceased to use the club, and the subscriptions dropped off. We began to be afraid of financial embarrassment; and the committee, of which I was a member at the time, resolved to wind up the club rather than get into debt. Accordingly, the club was wound up: the furniture was sold. There was a sale, I remember, of some of the articles of furniture among the members themselves on the premises, Moriarty acting as auctioneer; and the result was that we avoided getting into debt, and, after paying up everything, we found ourselves the possessors of £30 or £40 balance, which sum was presented as a gift to our secretary, Mr. Anthony Crosby.

So that was the end of the Museum Club. But, after a time, the members who had most frequented it began to miss the evenings there, and the opportunities of meeting each other. A few of them, talking over this, called a meeting to consider the experiment of forming a dining club,—a club merely for the purpose of dining together. Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight, if I remember, were the chief movers; and a

club of about twenty was formed as a nucleus—all the chief frequenters of the Museum Club, with Frederick William Hamstede, who had been a member of the Museum Club, as our honorary secretary. We dined together once a week, the place of meeting changing once or twice, but after a time fixing itself in a hotel in Vere Street, off Oxford Street. There was some hesitation, also, as to the name by which we should call ourselves; in fact, I do not think we had a name at all at first. One evening Mr. Gould, the great ornithologist, chanced to be present as a guest, and it was suggested we should call ourselves "*the Humming Birds*";—but that was a passing whim. The name actually adopted at last was "*the Hooks and Eyes*"; and under that name we did meet for a considerable time, and very vivacious and pleasant the meetings were. So much so, that there came to be candidates for membership; and this led once more to a change of place, and to our settling at last on Clunn's Hotel in Covent Garden as our place of meeting, and on the name "*Our Club*."

"*Our Club*" continued to exist all the time I was a resident in London, with Hamstede always as its honorary secretary,—a most flourishing club, and with growing membership and popularity. It continued to exist long after I left it in 1865; for aught I know, it may exist to this day. The club early acquired a kind of celebrity of its own. A frugal club in the way of food and drink, it was one of those clubs for conviviality pure and simple which have existed down all the ages. Its special characteristics were a perpetual brilliant chaff and repartee; a wit, a banter, a certain habit of mutual fooling; a constant friendly warfare of the various nationalities which met there,—all difficult to describe, impossible to reproduce now, but very pleasant to remember.

...What things have we seen  
Done at the Mermaid!<sup>1</sup>

I always think Shakespeare might perhaps have been thinking of this same sort of thing when he made Sir Andrew Aguecheek say—

In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, I' faith. . . .

I can scarcely give a list of my fellow-members of Our Club in any chronological order; but I may mention some of those whom I remember as belonging to it between the years 1850 and 1865. The founders were certainly Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight. I do not remember Charles Knight as being there very often, though I can recall his presence on occasions, and his benevolent face and silver hair. The real founder, and the member that gave Our Club its most characteristic feature to the time of his death in 1857, was Douglas Jerrold, to whom we shall return later. After these, we may group them miscellaneously.

Among the lawyers was George Jessel, afterwards Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, and perhaps the ablest and profoundest judge of his generation, but who was then a quiet and rather taciturn member, pretty frequent in his attendances, but by no means one of our most active or brilliant members. Then there was Henry Hawkins (afterwards Sir Henry Hawkins and Lord Brampton), whom Douglas Jerrold made the subject of one of his little jokes. Hawkins was at this time remarkable for wearing his hair extremely close cropped,—a fashion usual enough now, but then noticeable. This became the theme of Jerrold's pleasantry, and he circulated

In Our Club a story about Hawkins. One day, the story ran, Hawkins was taking a walk in the environs of London, and stopped to watch a game of skittles that was going on in the little garden of a country public-house. The affable landlord invited him to join the game, and this Hawkins did. All went pleasantly enough till Hawkins removed his hat, when the landlord's manner suddenly changed, and he curtly requested Hawkins to "leave the premises at once." Hawkins, astonished and indignant, asked why this sudden change of demeanor. The landlord sullenly persisted, and at last blurted out the explanation. Hawkins must "clear out—they didn't want no jail-birds there!"

Then there was Humffreys Parry, afterwards Serjeant Parry, a portly and dignified presence in the club; and Frederick Lawrence, who wrote a *Life of Fielding*. I remember Lawrence was the recipient of a presentation (it was a penny tin mug, presented with a great deal of mock solemnity) at one of the dinners of Our Club, at which, owing to the illness of Shirley Brooks, I took the chair. And there were other lawyers—W. H. Cooke; and Crowdy the Solicitor; and Sir Richard Couch, to whom we gave a farewell dinner, at which also I took the chair, before he left for India to succeed Sir Mordaunt Wells.

Among the medical men were Dr. Ramskill and Ernest Hart and Dr. Sibson and Percy the metallurgist. Both of these last were educated partly at Edinburgh University, with Edward Forbes for a fellow-student; and both were enthusiastic in their recollections of Edinburgh.

And among the literary men were Jerrold, of course, and Charles Knight and Mark Lemon; Shirley Brooks; Dr. Doran; Peter Cunningham, the author of the *Handbook of London*, and his brother the Colonel; the two Mayhews.

<sup>1</sup> Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson in 1616, about a greater club than "Ours."—F. M.

Henry and his brother Horace; Thackeray, who, after Jerrold's death, took his place in the club as its undoubted chief; the Belgian Consul, de la Pierre; Hepworth Dixon; James Hannay; Charles Dickens, junior; Cordy Jeaffreson; William Jerrold, Douglas Jerrold's son; and Charles Kenney. Once, when Shirley Brooks took the chair on a Shakespeare Day, he came primed with a particularly apt quotation from Shakespeare for each member of the Club.

Of publishers, we had Robert Cooke; F. M. Evans, one of the proprietors of "Punch," who was known among us as "Pater";<sup>2</sup> Charles Knight; and Robert Chambers.

There were a good many artists and musicians—Joseph Durham the sculptor; Solomon Hart and E. M. Ward, Royal Academicians; and Davison, the musical critic, who composed the music to Shelley's "False Friend, wilt thou smile or weep?" and Keats's "In a drear-nighted December."

Of men of science there were Frank Buckland, and Trenham Reeks, of the School of Mines; and we had some actors—Holl and Keeley and Benjamin Webster. Among the amusing incidents that Hamstede used to recall was Jerrold's proposal from the chair, "Holl shall take Keeley off," and the wonderful imitation which followed.

Of city men we had a few—Edwin Lawrence and Samuel Ward and Tomalin; and among those who may be called nondescript were the brilliant Irish Moriarty, William Hazlitt, son of the critic, Captain Chesterton, M. J. O'Connell, Maclure, and Hamstede, our secretary.

I remember Charles Lever among our visitors, and Francis Mahony, "Father Prout,"—a quiet, gentle, little, Jesuitical figure, whose health Jerrold proposed "in connection with" some

<sup>2</sup> "Good 'evens," Douglas Jerrold used to call him.—F. M.

thing or other, after the fashion of the day; and I remember Mahony in return proposed Jerrold's health "in connection with"—Billingsgate! It was not till long afterwards that I associated Francis Mahony with the sweet persuasiveness of

The Bells of Shandon,  
They sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Borrow, of gipsy fame, was a visitor of Our Club; and Sir Daniel Macnee, and Carruthers of Inverness, and Matthews of Sheffield, who presented every member of the club with a most excellent pocket-knife. And Flowers, the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, used to come up to town for our Shakespeare dinners.

Of singing men, we counted a good many. Maclure's two songs that I best remember were "The Lowlands Low"—

There was a ship, and a gallant ship  
was she,  
Hip diddle dee, and the Lowlands  
Low,  
And she was called the Golden Vanitee  
As she sailed for the Lowlands  
Low—

and his supremely beautiful rendering of "Wandering Willie." Thackeray used to sing "Little Billee" and "Doctor Martin Luther." Durham the sculptor's song was "Nan of Horsley Down," and Hazlitt's the Wiltshire songs, "Botany Bay," and another—something about

Over the mountains as is so high,  
If he hollow, I will follow!

and

I will never forget my own true love,  
Nor in any wy—his name deny!

Dibdin sang us his grandfather's "Season Song Dibdin's" songs; and Horace Mayhew used to give us Thackeray's

"Mahogany Tree"—who can forget its swing?—

Here let us sport,  
Boys, as we sit,  
Laughter and wit  
Flashing so free;  
Life is but short—  
When we are gone,  
Let them sing on  
Round the old tree.

But Mayhew's grand achievement was the "Marseillaise." M. J. O'Connell did not sing, but he used to recite for us Thackeray's "Battle of Limerick"; and I still remember the irresistible tone of his

Immortal Smith O'Brine  
Was raging like a Line,  
'Twould have done your sowl good to  
have heard him roar.

Douglas Jerrold was over forty when I first met him in 1844. He was a little man, with a stoop, and very striking face; an aquiline, eager look; with fair hair, which he would sometimes dash aside with his hands,—altogether, a man like a little Nelson, with his courageous look. He was, when I first knew him, at the height of his fame and reputation, after having had a hard and struggling life—first as a middy in our navy, then after the peace, as printer in a London printing office. With his theatrical connection—his father had been manager of a small provincial theatre—he took to writing for various smaller theatres, and by this time he was known as the author of various plays and novels, as a magazine writer, and a writer in newspapers. Since 1841 he had been one of the chief of the "Punch" staff.

\*Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson says Mayhew sang the "Marseillaise" with "a passion which made his hearers feel as though the hymn were being chanted by a thousand voices." Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson's memories of "Our Club," of which he was a member long after 1845, are not all so loyal or so pleasant.—F. M.

He had started a magazine and a paper of his own, and after 1852 he was editor of "Lloyd's." He had, in fact, fought his way to a literary celebrity. People are apt to remember him too little, or only as an ill-tempered, waspish man; but that is not a fair recollection of Douglas Jerrold. He was, in his time, a wit above all others; in a "wit combat" none of the others could stand before him. He was also a man of immense energy and heart. He had a large and generous nature, and could never brook anything petty or mean. I always remember how, on one occasion at the club a certain member<sup>1</sup> sent the club-boy downstairs to fetch some book or newspaper, and called out after the little fellow in an offensive manner, "I suppose you can read!" And Douglas Jerrold suddenly blazed out, his own sensitiveness hurt on the boy's behalf;—"Sir," he cried, "you have a coarse mind!"

Jerrold had taught himself some Latin, and had read a great deal in his boyhood, not only among the dramatists, for I remember he had a special liking for Wordsworth. But chiefly I remember him, above his wit, as a fiery little man,—a fiery, big-hearted, energetic, generous soul.

I was myself an eye-witness of one generous action of Douglas Jerrold's.<sup>2</sup> I remember the occasion also as being my first meeting with Dickens. It was at a dinner in the Old Garrick Club in King Street, Covent Garden, given by Mr. Humffreys Parry, a member also of Our Club. It was my first visit to the Garrick, of which afterwards, when it was in its new building, I became a member. Parry had asked some ten or a dozen of us, among

\*Who had himself struggled up from the beginnings of things, and ought to have remembered his own poor boyhood.—F. M.

<sup>2</sup> This is recorded also by Dickens himself, in a letter incorporated in William Jerrold's *Life of his father*, p. 337.—F. M.



whom were Douglas Jerrold, as Parry's chief guest, Charles Knight I think, Hamstede, and some others whom I forget. The dinner was in the strangers' room of the Old Garrick, and our table a long one in the middle of the room; but there were two smaller tables in two of the corners of the room, at both of which smaller parties were dining. One of these parties left early; the other consisted of Albert Smith, of Alpine fame, Charles Dickens, and a third person, whose name I did not learn. The dinner at our table in the middle of the room was going on in the usual way, with a good deal of brilliant talk, Jerrold, as Parry's chief guest, being seated at Parry's right hand; and between the corner of our table where Jerrold sat, and the smaller table at which Albert Smith and Dickens were seated, there was but a narrow passage for the waiters—I suppose it may have been the historic "Hamlet" of the Garrick and his assistants—to pass to and fro. And Dickens was so seated at the smaller table that he and Jerrold were almost exactly back to back. It was while our dinner was going on that my neighbor at table—I think Hamstede—remarked to me that it was rather awkward they should be so seated, there having been a quarrel between them, arising out of the theatrical performances given in aid of some Dramatists' Fund, so that they had not spoken to each other for some considerable time. Certainly, all the while the dinners were going on, there was no communication between Jerrold

and Dickens; and it looked as if that would be the case throughout the evening. But suddenly Jerrold wheeled round in his chair, clapped Dickens on the shoulder, and said quite audibly, "Charlie, my boy, how are you?" On which Dickens wheeled round too, holding out both his hands to Jerrold in most cordial reconciliation. He had probably been waiting for this reconciliation, but had left it to Jerrold, as the older man, to make the first overture.

There was much interest, of course, taken by all present in this occurrence; and the two dinner-parties joined, and became one for the rest of the evening. When we rose to go, Jerrold introduced me to Dickens, who, in his satisfaction at the happy termination of the estrangement, took me by the arm and walked round the room with me, pointing out this and that one of the dramatic portraits which hung on its walls, and for which it was famous. Though I saw him several times again, and dined more than once in his company, this was my only real meeting with Charles Dickens.

It was Douglas Jerrold who got up the great presentation to Louis Kossuth, in the Freemasons' Hall in Long Acre.<sup>1</sup> I had met Kossuth some years before that at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Stansfeld, who were then living in Sidney Place, Brompton. It had been arranged between them and Mazzini that Kossuth was to come one evening. He did come, accompanied by his A.D.C.,—as Dictator of Hungary he kept up some little state. He sat on the sofa in the drawing-room,

<sup>1</sup> In Dickens's own account of this, given in a letter to William Jerrold after his father's death, these words are not given; but D. M. heard these words, spoken audibly to all; and the other words, which Dickens remembered, were probably added for his own hearing alone.—F. M.

<sup>2</sup> William Jerrold, in his *Life of his father*, p. 251, gives it as at the London Tavern. Douglas Jerrold had got up a penny sub-

scription as a popular tribute "to the genius of the man who had stirred our nation's heart." By Jerrold the "people's pence" were slowly collected, and the money was sufficient to buy and bind the volumes, and to purchase a casket, made out of inlaid woods, in the model of Shakespeare's house. The presentation was made by Douglas Jerrold, at a great meeting on May 8, 1853, at which Lord Dudley Stuart took the chair.—F. M.

in which were not many people; two or three ladies besides Mrs. Stansfeld,—perhaps a dozen persons altogether. One of the ladies, talking with him as he was sitting on the sofa, said something about “that traitor Görgey,”<sup>2</sup> and Kossuth said, I remember, in his fine slow English: “Well, Görgey was a traitor, but he was not a *voolgar* traitor. Görgey was a very *ambissi-oo* man; so *ambissi-oo* that, if any one had said to him, ‘Görgey, you sit here, in the chief place,’ he would not have taken that place, because he would not be *put*, in the first place even, by any other person. He was a very *ambissi-oo* man, Görgey.”

I think it was Mazzini himself who told me another story illustrating Kossuth’s pretty readiness in the English language. It was the time when Pierce was President, and there was some feeling about the distressed nationalities in America; and the American Ambassador Buchanan (afterwards President himself) had been desired to show whatever quiet attention could be shown to the nationalities. So the Consul (I do not remember his name) had invited some of the refugees to dinner—Mazzini, Kossuth, Garibaldi, whose ship was in the Thames, a Pole or two, and Ledru Rollin. The Consul’s wife was taken in to dinner by Kossuth; and she had put cards round the table in the places of her other guests,—there were no other ladies. But just before dinner, Ledru Rollin, who, though he had lived some time in England, spoke no English, had said to Mazzini that he hoped he might sit near to him. So Mazzini had gone in before him, and had somehow managed to change the cards so as to place Ledru Rollin next to himself. When the Consul’s wife remarked the change in her arrangement she said something, and I sup-

pose she seemed a little disturbed. Kossuth, seeing his hostess was a little vexed, said prettily, “Never mind, Madame, if you knew Mazzini as well as we do, you would know he must always be making his little *révolutions*!”

I believe—I wish I could be quite sure—that Mazzini himself told me this story.

But I have special reason for remembering the great meeting at which Douglas Jerrold made the presentation to Louis Kossuth. The presentation was to take the form of Charles Knight’s edition of Shakespeare, handsomely bound. Kossuth was known to be a student of Shakespeare. It was told of him—I do not know with what truth—that Shakespeare’s plays had been his companions in his prison.

Some days—perhaps a week—before this meeting, Kossuth wrote to Frank Newman, who was then a Professor in University College like myself, and a very strong politician, and interested in all the distressed nationalities, and with whom Kossuth had formed an acquaintance. This was the purport of Kossuth’s letter:—

He had heard that Mr. Douglas Jerrold was to make the presentation at the approaching meeting, and of course he, Kossuth, would have to make some reply to what Mr. Jerrold might say. And he knew that Jerrold was a man of literary reputation in this country, but he did not know any particulars—what place he held in literature; and he, Kossuth, would be much obliged if Professor Newman would give him the necessary information. Professor Newman sent on Kossuth’s letter to me, saying that he was really very much in the dark himself, and could hardly supply the information, but that he had no doubt I should be able to do so. So I took the trouble to write a longish letter—perhaps two note-sheets,—telling all the necessary

<sup>2</sup> The Hungarian Görgey, whom Kossuth had appointed commander-in-chief, surrendered to the Russians, Aug. 13, 1849.—F. M.

particulars about Douglas Jerrold, mentioning his various writings, his connection with "Punch," &c., but laying particular stress on his being a dramatist. Perhaps I gave a list of his plays; but I particularly mentioned one I was best acquainted with, having seen it acted—"Time Works Wonders." And while I was mentioning that play in particular, it occurred to me to mention that one of the characters in the play,—a certain Miss Tucker, I think,—who, after having been head of a young ladies' seminary, finds herself in the position of a subordinate or dependent, is in the habit of harping on this and of bringing this phrase into her conversation—"People who live in other people's houses, you understand . . ."

I sent the letter, if I remember rightly, to Frank Newman, who must have sent it on to Kossuth. For when the meeting came about, after Douglas Jerrold had made the presentation, Kossuth made a long and exceedingly brilliant speech in acknowledgment. His English was always very subtle English, and his speeches were characterized, I should say, by their high sentiment and exquisite expression. I have always remembered one passage in one of his speeches which I read in the papers at the time it was made, describing the common soldiers of the Hungarian army; in which he pictured them, and their silent heroic part in the great struggle, and ended with—"And so they lived; and so they died;—the Un-named Demigods!"

Well, on the evening of the presentation, the main part of Kossuth's speech being, of course, political, the first part of it was an acknowledgment of the gift which had been made to him, and more especially the honor done him by the fact that Mr. Jerrold had made the presentation. And, to my surprise, almost every particle of the information given him in my letter to Frank

Newman was worked into his speech, even to the quotation—Instantly appreciated by the audience, and bringing down a storm of applause,—the favorite phrase of Miss Tucker in "Time Works Wonders": "People who live in other people's houses, you understand . . ."

That quotation he turned most cleverly to account, saying that, with application to his own case, of course he had to be very guarded and cautious in his expression on some political points, in the existing state of the relations of our country to Foreign Powers; "because, you know, *people who live in other people's houses*" (these words used with a most humorous irony) ". . . are not entitled to have opinions of their own," and so on.

At the end of the meeting, when I stood beside Jerrold and others who had been on the platform, there was some mention of the clever application of Jerrold's own phrase, and Jerrold said, "Oh, somebody must have put him up to that,—It couldn't have been his own!"

I kept the secret; and Jerrold never knew it.

We, at Our Club, were all hearing of Douglas Jerrold as being ill; for a week or so he had not appeared among us,—we may have met once or twice in the interval,—and some anxiety was felt about him. Then, suddenly, we heard that he was dead; and then we were bidden to his funeral."

I was one of the mourners about his grave when he was buried in Norwood cemetery,—as near as was possible to his friend Blanchard. There was a very large gathering; members of Our Club, all the "Punch" people, and many friends and acquaintances generally,—in all, a very large gathering. I re-

"There is an account of Douglas Jerrold's last illness in the letter from Charles Dickens to William Jerrold already referred to.—F. M.

member the people waiting about the gates before we went into the cemetery, and standing about while the first part of the service was going on; and that all of us could not get into the chapel, which was on a height. Afterwards we formed a procession, stepping slowly downwards along the path, which curved as it approached the grave. So, as I walked, I could see the coffin borne slowly onwards and downwards. Dickens was one of the pall-bearers, bare-headed, and his hair slightly blown back by the breeze. And a little way behind him came Thackeray, also bareheaded, tall among the rest, like Saul the son of Kish,—a head taller than any of his fellows.

Though we were members of Our Club, and had dined together there and at the Gresham, it was not till a year or two after Jerrold's death that I made Thackeray's acquaintance. As early as the year 1851 I had written an article on "Pendennis" and "David Copperfield" in "The North British Review," and had received letters from Dickens and Thackeray in acknowledgment. I do not remember Dickens's reply—there was nothing particular about it; but Thackeray's was interesting, because in it he spoke so enthusiastically of Dickens, and of his "divine kind of genius."<sup>10</sup>

At all our meetings, at the Garrick and at Our Club, Thackeray always seemed to me—in spite of his light humor, and his habitual nickname of "Thack" among his friends—to be a man apart; a sad and highly sensitive man; a man with whom nobody could take a liberty.

It was at one of the larger dinners of Our Club,—it may have been a Shakespeare Birthday Dinner,—about the year 1860,—that I chanced to sit

next to Thackeray; and in the intervals of the speeches we had a good deal of quiet talk. But, in Our Club gatherings, there was often a lapse into what we called the "war of the nationalities," which consisted of good-humored mutual chaff and banter between the English members and the two or three Scottish and Irish members of the club. It may have been this that somehow suggested the following bit of Thackeray's talk with me.

"D'ye know," he said, "that though I can describe an Irishman perfectly, I never could describe a Scotchman?" I reminded him of Mr. Binnie.

"Oh," he said, "that's not what I mean; that's a mere facsimile of a man I know; a mere description from life. But what I mean is, I couldn't *invent* a Scotchman: I should go wrong. But oh! I'm quite at home with the Irish character! I know the Irish thoroughly. The best friend I ever had in the world—the nicest and most delightful fellow I ever knew in the world—was an Irishman. But, d'ye know, he was a great rascal! I'll tell you how he served me once. He was in low water, and was always coming to me to borrow a sovereign or two, when I hadn't many to spare. But he was such a dear delightful fellow, it was quite a pleasure to lend them to him. One day, however, he came to me and said, 'I say, Thack, you're a writer for magazines. Now, I've got a paper that I think would suit a magazine, and I wish you'd get it into one of them for me, because I'm hard-up at present, and a few guineas would come in handy.' I took his paper, and actually kept one of my own papers out of 'Fraser's Magazine' of the coming month, though it was rather a considerable sacrifice for me at the time, in order to get my friend's paper in. Oh! you've no idea what a nice, delightful fellow that was! Well, the paper appeared; and it was perhaps a

<sup>10</sup> Both these letters are extant: "I think Mr. Dickens has in many things quite a divine genius, so to speak," are the actual words.—F. M.

week or two after the beginning of the month before I next stepped into Fraser's the publisher's shop. I thought Fraser looked rather glum when I went in; but I did not know the cause until he said,—

"Well, this is a pretty affair, Mr. Thackeray!"

"What affair?" I asked.

"Why, that paper of your friend's, in this number!"

"What about it?" I said.

"He went to a drawer, and took out a newspaper clipping, and asked me to look at it. I did; and found, to my horror, that my friend's paper was denounced as a barefaced plagiarism. It had been copied *verbatim* from an article that had appeared in some other periodical. The date and all other particulars were given.

"I was of course greatly annoyed, and indeed excessively angry; and I thought, 'Well, I must cut the fellow for ever; there's no getting on with him.' I took the clipping with me, and went straight to my friend's rooms, intending to blow him up, once for all, and have done with him. I showed him the clipping, and declared his behavior to have been scandalous. What do you think he did? He laughed in my face, and treated the whole affair as a capital joke!

"That's how my Irish friend served me: but oh! he was the nicest friend, the dearest, most delightful fellow, I ever knew in the world!"

And then Thackeray went on to speak more seriously of the Irish, and of his intimate knowledge of, and his great liking for, them. And among other things, he said there was one most likable quality that he had observed in them, and it was this: that there would never be found an Irishman anywhere in the world so low down but there was some other Irishman, still lower down, depending on him, and whom he was assisting.

I ventured to suggest that there was no great difference between the Irish and the Scotch in this respect; for it might be said of the Scotch (I said I preferred to put it in the reverse way) that there was no Scotchman anywhere in the world so high up, but there was some other Scotchman, still higher up, whom he was looking up to, and being helped by; that, in fact, to blend his observation and mine, the world might be said to be a kind of Jacob's ladder, with ascending and descending angels upon it. Thackeray laughed; and at this point our talk ended.

I was not at Thackeray's funeral, but I remember writing the article in "The Daily Telegraph" on Thackeray's death. At that time Thornton Hunt was the chief man on that paper, and he wanted me to join the staff. I remember that the younger Mr. Lawson called on me at our house in Finchley, and asked me to do so; the suggestion being that I should attend a sort of committee daily at one o'clock to decide on the articles for next day's paper. It was not possible for me to do this; but I did write one or two articles for them. One of these was on Thackeray's death; and then they wanted me to write an article that would have helped to get a man hanged, and I refused to do it; and somehow I dropped writing for "The Daily Telegraph" after that.

There is one man who remains in my memory as identified with the history of Our Club during the whole time of my connection with it, as I am sure he does in the memory of any surviving members of the club as it existed in those days. That man is Frederick William Hamstede. He was a little man, partly in some way of Prussian descent, who, in consequence of some accident in his childhood, was extremely lame,—so lame that walking

any distance was difficult to him, and he generally went about in a cab. He had some connection with the City, in the business of coffee-planting in Ceylon; and by a fortunate speculation in the St. John del Rey Gold Mining Company, when that was first started, he had a very sufficient annual income for his modest wants. Though in no way a literary man himself, he had somehow—perhaps during his membership of the Museum Club—contracted a passion for companionship with men of literary celebrity; and Douglas Jerrold, certainly from the time of the Museum Club, had more particularly fascinated him. There could not have been a better appointment to the secretaryship of Our Club than when Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight asked Hamstede to take that office. Nothing could exceed his zeal for the club, his punctuality in sending out missives, and keeping the members of it together. If there had been a small attendance for a week or two, a missive from Hamstede was sure to be sent to the members to bring them together again in something like full force; and if anything occurred to make a particular coming meeting more than usually attractive—such as the prospect of some lion's presence—that fact would be communicated to each member in good time as a special whip-up for that evening. In the meetings he sat himself, taking but a modest share in the talk, though always in a kindly and sensible manner, but intensely enjoying whatever was going on. He lived in rooms at No. 3 Adam Street, Adelphi, which rooms he kept to the last, taking some pains, I believe, to retain them as a permanent home. He kept a record of the proceedings of the club for his own amusement,—a good deal of it in a kind of doggerel rhyming verse of which he was fond. Douglas Jerrold had a real affection for "little Ham-

stede." So had Thackeray—Thackeray's affection avowed, and taking the form often of a defence of Hamstede against ill-natured depreciation of him by some people on account of his sad deformity and his simple foibles. He was a member also of the Garrick Club and of the Gresham Club in the City; and nothing pleased him more than to get a few of the literary members of Our Club and of the Garrick to dine as visitors at a committee dinner of the Gresham. I was three or four times at such dinners, each time with the same three fellow-guests—Douglas Jerrold, Moriarty, and Thackeray. At Gresham committee dinners the speciality was port wine. The secretary of the Gresham used to send down the table bottle after bottle, specially labelled and dated, beginning with the latest approved vintage, and going back to the earliest in the Gresham stock. We used to call it "walking backwards among the ports." The oldest vintage was, I remember, 1820; for though they had been in possession of some of the "Comet Port" (1811), their stock of this had been for a long time exhausted.

It was not till near 1865, when the first generation was a thing of the past and a new generation had arisen, in which Thackeray had succeeded Jerrold as the undoubted magnate of Our Club, that Hamstede resigned the secretaryship and was succeeded by Charles Dickens, junior. His growing infirmity was partly the cause of this; but another cause was probably that he did not reconcile himself to some of the younger members and new conditions.

When I left London in 1865 "Little Hamstede" was still a notable figure in the club, and often in his place at its meetings. But he must soon after have retired altogether. The fact reached me, with the intelligence also that he was no longer able to go about



in his own fashion, even in a cab, but was confined to his rooms in the Adelphi. So when I was in London I made it a point to call on Hamstede, and must have called two or three times at intervals of about a year. I found him in poor health and spirits, his heart always in the past of the club, and his speech about that and little else. The last time of all that I called on him the effect was even painful. Still the club, and the old days, and Jerrold, and Charles Knight, and Moriarty, and Thackeray, and this man and that man; and "Don't you remember this?" and "Don't you remember that?" He could speak and think of nothing else—

Evening we knew  
Happy as this;  
Faces we miss  
Pleasant to see;  
Kind hearts and true,  
Gentle and just,  
We sing to your dust;  
We sing round the tree.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

It was during that visit that Hamstede gave me a little leather manuscript-book containing jottings of his club recollections, in a small and very neat handwriting, and in that doggerel rhymed verse which was his much-loved form of literary expression.<sup>11</sup>

But Hamstede's memory, on that day when I sat with him in the Adelphi and he gave me this little manuscript-book, turned with a special kind of melancholy fervor to Thackeray—then already for a year or two dead. He took out of his pocket, I remember, a silver pencil-case which Thackeray had given him, and which he evidently cherished as the most precious relic in his possession. And as he looked at it, and still spoke of Thackeray and of Thackeray's kindness to him, he burst into tears.

I took my leave of him, much touched; and that was the last I saw of the good little Hamstede.

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### IN MEMORIAM: LORD KELVIN.

Like its own wraith, from stormy evening skies  
Fitfully gleams the dim December sun.  
Close the tired eyes, those steadfast, searching eyes;  
Fold the worn hands whose long day's work is done.

We tell the triumphs of his life to-day:  
The secrets gathered from the earth and seas.  
We count his deeds, in our poor, human way;  
But he already hath forgotten these.

For lightened by the Light Divine, in sooth,  
How should his soul yon darkling paths retrace,  
Those faint and far-off glimpses of the Truth?  
Now he beholds and sees it face to face!

*Edward Sydney Tylce.*

*The Spectator.*

<sup>11</sup> In this little book all the members of Our Club find a place as they sat at their "wit combats" in Clunn's Hotel, in Covent Garden.—F. M.

## THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

## XXI.

BARABEL AND MR. FARQUHAR.

In Boronach time passes as it does in a dream. So little happens that people lose count of it. After five years one may take stock of the place and find very little difference in it. The merchant's house that used to be covered with thatch is now slated; the weaver has put up a new barn. The wall that Big Cathal began to build between his lot and the lot of his neighbor is still unfinished. Big Cathal was what the Boronach people call "worldly." He was never contented with things as they were, but was for ever making improvements. He and his son, Little Cathal, who was in reality bigger than himself, put up a new house, they improved the barn, they drained the lot, they began to enclose the unenclosed portion of it: then Big Cathal died. After the funeral was over, Little Cathal went back to his work at the wall, for he wanted everything to be finished and ready before the end of summer, when he was to marry Willina, the weaver's daughter. Unfortunately, however, Little Cathal had displeased Mr. Campbell some time before, and had also taken up with the land-leaguers, who were making mischief on Lord Ardgowan's estate. He was informed one day that the house and land had been given to James Fraser, the son of the shepherd on Crocan Farm, and he had better make preparations for leaving. These were hard old days, and Little Cathal could do nothing but obey. He could get no return for the outlay he and his father had put upon the place—"Compensation for Improvements" being still far enough in the future. So away he went to Glasgow to look for work, and while he was finding it the weaver's daughter, being a foolish and fickle

young lassie, forgot all about him, and married James Fraser; and James Fraser having seen in these object-lessons the uncertainty of life, left the wall that the two Cathals had been building unfinished, and lived in a very easy-going way in the new house his quondam rival had put up. Every one was quite happy and contented with the new arrangement except Little Cathal, who, despite the fact that he prospered exceedingly well in Glasgow, became quite violent and revolutionary in his principles. As for the Boronach people, they had seen the moral of the thing at once. "See what a 'worldly' man was Big Cathal," said they, "and now all the land he has is a corner in the graveyard."

After five years in Boronach, Barbara Grant's diary, had she kept one, would have contained but few events of any great importance. Nothing very much had happened—nothing very much seemed likely to happen—yet the days and the years were neither dreary nor dull. "Who could be dull where Barabel was?" Eppie would have said. The girl had energy, life, spirit. Wherever she went she brought warmth and gaiety and beauty, and at her departure the skies themselves seemed to take a grayer tone. The people loved her, and no wonder. She spent on them almost all that her father sent her, would have pauperized every one of them if the sum had been greater; lazy, thriftless folk took advantage of her generosity, and long before the year was over her purse was as empty as theirs. When she found them out she had a hundred excuses for them: compassion ran away with her judgment. These beloved Boronach people, how much was to be said for them! How kind they were, and how they would share the last bowl of meal with a neighbor; and the chil-

dren, how could they be allowed to go barefooted in winter? Did she not remember how cold it had been the winter she herself had been obliged to go without boots for a time? And no one minded taking help from Barabel, for had she not known them all her life, and run in and out of their houses when she was a barefooted little lassie herself? And now, though she was so beautiful and so like a real lady, was she not as free from pride and as kind and gentle as ever? and was she not one of themselves, though there was that about her that made them teach the young boys and girls to call her Miss Barabel? for Miss Grant she would not allow. It almost seemed as if the loving, loyal nature of the girl had surmounted all those difficulties which her position and education had made for her, and which Mr. Rory had seen and shaken his head over years ago, as if to her natural refinement had been added a dainty grace and lustre of mind and person that yet left the simplicity of her childhood untouched, and from her fine schools she had returned happy and unspoiled, "made into a lady," yet with those ties still unbroken that bound her to the inmost life of the people.

Such was not really the case, however. Barabel was too high-spirited, too proud and sensitive and impetuous for such a happy result. Her loyal affection for her own people was continually at war with whatever in herself had become different from them. She dreaded being regarded by them as an outsider, yet good sense told her that in some ways she could not escape from being that. Her tastes, ideas, feelings had changed imperceptibly. There were moments when Boronach jarred upon her. "I am like Mahomet's coffin," she said to herself funnily, "I belong nowhere." Archdeacon Wynne called her "The Little Radical," but she was hardly that. "I wish," she said once to Sally—"I wish that

people dressed now as they used to, in the uniforms of their order. It would look much prettier, and keep things from getting so mixed up. People are much happier with their own people. Why should ducks try to be swans when they would make such bad swans and such good ducks?" Sally laughed. "You're a rebel, Barabel," said she. "You want to put the world back to suit you."

But it was not her own people who were the cause of all of Barabel's troubles in Boronach. She had not been a year at home when Mr. Farquhar Mackenzie began to add to them. He was the youngest son of the big farmer, and as his brothers had all chosen professions and were out in the world, he was destined for his father's successor. Unfortunately for the farmer, he was inclined to be "foolish" and to neglect his work, and old Captain Mackenzie and he "had words" together pretty often. It began to be observed that "Mr. Farquhar" haunted William's house like a shadow. He was a heavy, dense sort of young man, with a Roman nose and an overweening conceit of himself, and he had not the slightest doubt that his visits were to be regarded as an honor by all the inmates of it. Eppie had been his nurse in the days of his infancy, and she was indeed delighted to see him, and welcomed him with smiles and curtsies, and gave him the seat of honor by the fireside, amazed at his condescension in honoring the kitchen with his presence, when the parlor, or "the room," as she called it, was entirely at his service. So for many a month three nights of every week found Mr. Farquhar Mackenzie in the big chair; and many an excuse did poor Barabel invent to escape from his affable society. He became a perfect old-man-of-the-sea, whom it was impossible to be rid of, took to going to church, which had not been his habit, and convoyed Barabel unwillingly to

her home. Wherever she went he seemed to have a clairvoyant faculty for knowing it, and his Roman nose, his smile of satisfaction, appeared upon the scene to disconcert her. Coldness had no effect upon him,—his good-humor was proof against it; avoidance made him more diligent; indifference that verged on discourtesy could not penetrate the armor of his importance.

The most modest of maidens could hardly escape at last from drawing conclusions from his behavior, and poor Barabel longed for the freedom of Miss Mary Baxter, who is fabled to have "refused the man before he axt her." Old Captain Mackenzie and Miss Jane, the only one of the ladies now left in Boronach, were furious, and the latter expressed herself to Eppe one day in a manner that upset the simple old woman very much; and the cause being made partially clear to Barabel, that young lady's eyes flashed ominously, and she sat down and wrote a letter to her old school-mistress in Edinburgh offering herself on a long-promised visit. It was never sent, however, for that very evening new and startling developments took place in the situation. Mr. Farquhar, judging the time was come at last, requested Barabel to become his wife, and she declined in suitable terms that for a long time failed to convince him of her meaning.

"I might have married any one," said he. "Our family is as old as Sir David's; but you're good enough for me, Barabel—indeed you are; and you'll have the Gray House for your own, and three servants, instead of working as you do, and a carriage to drive in; and I'm sure you'll look as much a lady as my own mother did."

But Barabel declined all these things. "Look here," said the young man, dismayed, "you can't be in earnest! I like you—indeed I do—I like you tremendously. I'll go to church every Sunday—indeed I will; and you could

make a lot of me. I know I haven't been a saint, but, look here, I'll—I'll be a teetotaler, Barabel."

"I am very sorry," said Barabel; and, indeed, she began to feel quite sorry for the poor foolish young man, who now looked alarmed and distressed. But she would not waver, and her cavalier began to lose his temper.

"Is there any one else?" he asked sulkily.

"No," answered the girl, holding her head high. "There is no one else."

"It's Colin Stewart," he burst out angrily—"a fellow who was brought up among tramps. He shouldn't black my boots."

The girl's eyes flashed, and her color heightened. "Mr. Mackenzie," she said, "I prefer not to discuss my friends with you."

Mr. Mackenzie gave a short laugh, and gathering up his hat and riding-whip, prepared to depart. "Last time I met him," he said, flinging a parting shot, "he was coming out of the bar, and looking very queer, I can tell you."

Away he went, and Barabel was left to wonder how some girls were said to like such experiences, and to cogitate sadly enough over his last words and the memory they called up, and pray God that her old friend and playmate might be kept from all such temptation in the great town to which he had gone.

Barabel did not go to Edinburgh, but Mr. Farquhar Mackenzie went off to one of his brothers for a few months, and Miss Jane took the very slightest possible notice of "the designing little person" who had dared to refuse him. She met her one day in Mr. Rory's manse, where she went sometimes to read to the old warrior of the Church militant—he having been half blind after a recent illness. He liked "Angus Bard's lassie," who had grown so charming a young lady, and was so much less spoiled by the vicissitudes of her fortunes than he had

feared would be the case. If she was no heiress she seemed content enough with her simple lot, and he would fain hope had some of the gracious qualities of a daughter in Israel. Probably there was no one else in all Boronach from whom the stern and independent old minister would have accepted such attention. Miss Jane—a very formidable-looking lady now, of middle age, with a Roman nose like her brother's, and eyeglasses and a reticule—acknowledged the bright vision of youth and beauty, whom she found among Mr. Rory's musty old volumes, with the very slightest and stiffest of bows; and Miss Barabel, it is to be feared, returned the salute with as much hauteur as if she had been a little duchess.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Rory, I cannot sit down," said the lady. "The horses and Neil are waiting in the rain, which is severe, but I could not think of passing without inquiring for you. I trust we may have the privilege of seeing you in the pulpit again shortly. I assure you we are conscious of a very great difference when any one else occupies it."

There had been a time when the Mackenzies of the Glen had been to Mr. Rory what he would have described to a brother minister as "a thorn in his side," but that time was now long past, and they treated each other with great ceremony and respect, though it must be admitted that the old gentleman's regard for Miss Jane was always more pastoral than personal. He acknowledged her consideration on this occasion with his usual old-fashioned and somewhat ponderous courtesy, also her kindness in preparing jelly for his cough, which she had intrusted, she informed him, to his worthy housekeeper.

"Had I known," she remarked, with a very slight glance at Barabel, "that you were in want of an amanuensis, I should have felt it a privilege, as an old friend, to assist you."

Mr. Rory put his big hand kindly on the girl's arm. "I thank you, madam," he said. "But Miss Barabel here has been very good to me. She is in a manner an older friend even than yourself, Miss Jane, for I baptized not only her but her father before her." His eyes gleamed humorously. "She has absorbed a vast quantity of Puritan divinity since my illness, which I hope may itself repay her for her kindness to an old man."

If Miss Jane was not pleased by these remarks, she did not venture to show any displeasure to Mr. Rory, but took leave of him with so much effusion and anxiety for his health, that she quite overlooked Barabel altogether, and the girl returned to the Puritan divines with a color in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes that betokened more heat than these worthies would have been likely to approve. Mr. Rory had a fine collection of old autobiographical and epistolary divinity, and many a wry face had Barabel made over the thirty yellow tomes when she first opened them, and until she made the discovery that these ancient pages breathed the very essence of human life and human struggle, of joy and sorrow, and despair and victory, that were as real as—ay, that seemed ten times more real than—any in all Boronach.

"I wonder if Mr. Rory noticed Miss Jane and me," said the girl to herself as she went home that day, and smiled as she remembered how the minister was said to have made up a quarrel between two women in the old days. It was soon after he came to Boronach, when he was much sterner and more alarming than he was now in his more mellow old age, and two silly quarrelsome wives went up the Manse, as was the custom then, to ask him to settle a dispute between them. It was said that he came out to the Manse kitchen and stood looking down at them from under his beetling brows while they

recited their wrongs, of which all of a sudden they seemed to have become a little ashamed.

"Shake hands!" said Mr. Rory in his deep gruff voice, when they had done; and shake hands they did, though doubtless it was with an ill grace. "Kiss each other!" commanded the arbiter sternly. "Take each other's arms—go home!" And the women, too much alarmed to disobey, had done as they were told, and away they went, and neither they nor any others had ever come to Mr. Rory on such an errand again.

"I should like to see him manage Miss Jane like that," thought Barabel, with a gleam of fun in her eyes.

"Or me either," added this spirited young woman with a smile.

Mr. Farquhar Mackenzie returned after a few months to Boronach, and was more idle and more foolish than he had been before. One day, about half a year after he came home, the Glen carriage drove up to William's house, and Miss Jane got out with her eyeglasses on her Roman nose,—her reticule in one hand and a handkerchief in the other,—and meeting Barabel at the door, told her with considerable agitation that she had come to speak to her on a matter of great importance. Barabel, looking prouder than Miss Jane, led the way into the little sitting-room, which in some way she had managed to invest with a simple and homely charm, and there, standing nervously by the table, the stiff proud lady besought the girl with tears in her eyes to forgive all that was past and to listen kindly to her brother Farquhar's suit. Miss Jane was twenty years older than he, and had played with him and nursed him when he was a little golden-haired baby.

"The poor boy," she said, "will not settle down. He has a great attachment to you, my dear; and though he has his faults, he has a kind heart,

and if you will give him a different answer I am sure he will change his ways, and become all that we could both wish. There is no real harm in him—indeed there is not; but I am very anxious about him, for he is my favorite brother, Barabel, and I hope you will not disappoint him in the wish of his heart. My dear, will you not think of it?" she went on appealingly, seeing little encouragement in the girl's face. "To—to convert a sinner from the error of his ways is a great work. I am sure you will not turn from it."

Poor Barabel! When she saw the distress of the fond woman whose brother was her one idol, and the tears actually dimming her eyeglasses, she forgot her indignation and resentment at the slights Miss Jane had put upon her, and felt as if she could not be sad and sorry enough for what had happened.

"Miss Jane," she cried, "dear Miss Jane, I wish I could do what you want; but I cannot indeed. It is quite impossible. And oh, please forgive me for bringing this trouble and anxiety upon you, and believe that it was not my fault, and that I never wished it for one moment."

Miss Jane, who was a shrewd, practical woman, with only one fond weakness, saw in a minute that it would be of no use to say any more. She conquered her pride and disappointment in the best way she could, and kissed Barabel very kindly, and wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, showed so much feeling in what she said about poor Farquhar that Barabel had a different idea of her ever afterwards.

"You have made this room very pretty, my dear," she said, without any trace of condescension as she went away. "You must let me come and see you sometimes." And she went out and got into the weather-beaten old carriage and drove away.

Poor Barabel was so miserable over it all that she actually began to think



she had been very selfish and hard-hearted, and at last she unburdened her troubles to Auntie Glen, who was the wisest and kindest of counsellors, and never laughed at any one or betrayed the numberless confidences that were bestowed on her by young and old.

"We must all make some trouble for others, *machree*," she said. "And when we make it by our own heedlessness and foolishness, or maybe worse, it's like we'll have to suffer for it, and we should ask the Lord to forgive us; but when it's no fault of ours, and we cannot help it, we must just leave it, and be sure Providence means some good by it. And never you mind Master Farquhar. I mind him very well when he was little. He ever got what he cried for; and when he didna get it, he knew he hadna cried enough. I would rather see you an old maid like myself than married to him, *machree*. A man that cannot take care of himself is a broken reed for any woman. There's no great fear of Master Farquhar," she added drily. "He has a great deal more regard for himself than for any lassie."

Happily this storm in a teapot blew over in time, and in a year or two Mr. Farquhar married a much more like-minded partner.

So the years passed, and left little outward mark on Boronach. Barabel lived her quiet life with seeming content. The little rebel of old days was a charming woman, be her mood grave or gay. Once or twice she went to Sally to Devonshire, but always after her visits she seemed glad to be home again. Five or six summers after Colin Stewart left Boronach, Archdeacon Wynne and his daughter turned up one day at the village inn and engaged rooms there for a week. It was a red-letter week for Barabel. Sally was even more enthusiastic about her old friend than she had been of yore, and she and the Archdeacon had tea more

than once in William's little parlor, and thought it with all its simplicity "as pretty as a picture," and concluded that the old man was as beautiful an old saint as they had ever seen, and Eppie a dear, quaint old woman, and were altogether pleased and delighted with Barabel's home.

Barabel brought them to the manse to see Mr. Rory, whose discourse on Sunday greatly impressed the Archdeacon; and Mr. Rory received them with much pleasure and courtesy, for he had read some of Archdeacon Wynne's books, and thought him a great man, though there were many subjects on which they differed. Mr. Rory was somewhat doubtful about these advanced views on the extension of the franchise and the rights of the working man. He distrusted Democracy, and believed in authority and the rule of the strong and righteous man, and he and the Archdeacon had some very interesting arguments. Though they were at opposite poles in many ways, there was between them the freemasonry of sincerity and goodness—ay, and of genius as well, though the one was of world-wide reputation and the other had scarcely been heard of beyond the bounds of his own Grampians. They parted with considerable mutual admiration, and Archdeacon Wynne told Barabel he thought it well worth coming to Boronach just to see such a grand old Puritan as Mr. Rory.

Sally was to be married in autumn to a Mr. Somerville, an Edinburgh Q.C., who was twenty years older than herself, but everything that was delightful all the same; and Barabel promised that as she could not go to the marriage she would visit her the very next winter in her new home.

"Barabel's life is a funny sort of romance altogether," said Sally to her father as they drove away from Boronach. "We used to think she was an heiress, don't you remember, daddy?

but I think that must have been a mistake. She says her father never speaks definitely of coming home, and he sends her just fifty pounds every half-year and twenty to the old people; but she says that is really a great deal to them, as they live so simply."

"I suppose the child is happy enough," returned the Archdeacon musily. "There is a sort of patriarchal beauty and simplicity about that household which I could hardly have realized if I had not seen it, and I think, Sally, it is just that absolute loyalty and affection to her own people, and the determination to be of them always, that has made Barabel so entirely just what she resolved as a child not to be. It is a curious little story altogether. I was greatly interested in what she

told me of her father. These poems of his, translated by the old schoolmaster, have real power and passion in them,—extraordinary the attachment to their own barren rocks these people have! She tells me that he has more than once sent others in his letters, and though they have never been translated she thinks some of them finer than those she showed us. She says the people have set many of them to ancient Gaelic tunes, and sing them round their fires on winter evenings. I wonder very much that 'the Bard,' as they call him, does not return to Boronach."

"I wonder if it will make a great difference to Barabel if he does," said Sally.

*Lydia Miller Mackay.*

*(To be continued.)*

## THE ALPS ONCE MORE.

### LETTER I.

Montreux: October 1, 1907.

I live again—I breathe once more the air of the "iced mountain top"—my heart expands at the sight of my beloved Alps. After fifty-six years the mountain fever throbs in my old veins. Bunyan's Pilgrim did not hail the vision of the Delectable Hills with more joy and consolation.

Yes! you were wise to urge me to seek rest and change of thought in my old haunts, even though you were unable to travel yourself. There is no such rest, such change in the world. I have been here but ten days, and it seems ten months. The air, the sounds, the landscape, the life—all are new—and yet how full of old memories—how fresh to-day and yet how far off in remembrance. Half a century has not dimmed the glory of these eternal

rocks, of these familiar marvels. And old age only makes us more able to drink in all their charm, for it makes us dwell on them with more patient love and reverence, with a wider knowledge of all that Nature means, all that it inspires, of all the myriad chords whereby it attunes the soul.

Once more—perhaps for the last time—I listen to the unnumbered tinkling of the cow-bells on the slopes—"the sweet bells of the sauntering herd"—to the music of the cicadas in the sunshine, and the shouts of the neat-herd lads, echoing back from Alp to Alp. I hear the burbling of the mountain rill, I watch the emerald moss of the pastures gleaming in the light, and now and then the soft white mist creeping along the glen, as our poet says, "puts forth an arm and creeps from pine to pine." And the wild flowers, even in this waning season of the year, the delicate lilac of

the dear autumn crocus,<sup>1</sup> which seems to start up elf-like out of the lush grass, and the coral beads of the rowan, the beech-trees just begun to wear their autumn jewelry of old gold.

As I stroll about these hills, more leisurely, more thoughtfully than I used to do of old in my hot mountaineering days, I have tried to think out what it is that makes the Alpine landscape so marvellous a tonic to the spirit—what is the special charm of it to those who have once felt all its inexhaustible magic. Other lands have rare beauties, wonders of their own, sights to live in the memory for ever. In France, in Italy, in Spain, in Greece, and in Turkey, I hold in memory many a superb landscape. From boyhood upwards I thirsted for all kinds of Nature's gifts, whether by sea, or by river, lake, mountain, or forest. For sixty years at least I have roved about the white cliffs, the moors, the riversides, lakes, and pastures of our own islands from Penzance to Cape Wrath, from Beachy Head to the Shetlands. I love them all. But they cannot touch me, as do the Alps, with the sense at once of inexhaustible loveliness and of a sort of conscious sympathy with every mood of man's heart and brain. Why, then, is this so?

I find it in the immense range of the moods in which Nature is seen in the Alps, at least by those who have fully absorbed all the forms, sights, sounds, wonders, and adventures they offer. An hour's walk will show them all in profound contrast and yet in exquisite harmony. The Alps form a book of Nature as wide and as mysterious as Life.

Earth has no scenes of placid fruitfulness more balmy than the banks of one of the larger Lakes, crowded with vineyards, orchards, groves and pas-

tures, down to the edge of its watery mirror, wherein, beside a semi-tropical vegetation, we see the image of some mediæval castle, of some historic tower, and thence the eye strays up to sunless gorges, swept with avalanches and streaming with feathery cascades; and higher yet one sees against the sky line ranges of terrific crags, girt with glaciers, and so often wreathed in storm clouds.

All that Earth has of most sweet, softest, easiest, most suggestive of languor and love, of fertility and abundance—all is seen in one vision beside all that Nature has most hard, most cruel, most unkind to Man—where life is one long weary battle with a frost-bitten soil, and every peasant's hut has been built up stone by stone, and log by log, with sweat and groans, and wrecked hopes. In a few hours one may pass from an enchanted garden, where every sense is satiated, and every flower and leaf and gleam of light is intoxication, up into a wilderness of difficult crags and yawning glaciers, which men can reach only by hard-earned skill, tough muscles and iron nerves.

All this is seen in the Alps in one vision and floods the mind with the infinitely varied contrasts which roll on side by side in the aspects of Nature and in the course of Human Life. To know, to feel, to understand the Alps is to know, to feel, to understand Humanity.

The Ocean in all its moods has these contrasts—its terrible furies, its vast horizon, its glassy calm. Its ever-changing aspects open to the mind resources and spaces infinite, with ominous presages of storm: resources such as promise marvellous new means to man, presages which threaten him with cruel death. But Ocean has no history, no fruits, no signs of human victory and achievement. With all its limitless volume and ceaseless motion, it is to Man's

<sup>1</sup> The *Colchicum Alpinum*, that lovely, poisonous little plant once famous in medicine.

eye a lifeless inhuman waste, as indeed Byron felt.

And so, too, is the Desert of Africa, the Veldt, the Prairie of the Far West and the Pampas. All have their visions of beauty; and to some spirits they speak things which very few can tell us in words. A moor that confronts Snowdon or Helvellyn, or one from which we watch the Cuillins of Skye or the Blue Hills of Killarney—all have their special charm. But they are Nature out of touch with Man—and this is no doubt the source of their power to move us with a sense of inspiration or of rest.

Italy has history, beauty, variety, and so indeed has Southern France. But with all their beauty and power over the imagination and the memory, neither of these historic lands, apart from their mountains—and the Alps of course are in France, in Italy, in Germany, as well as in Switzerland—neither Italy nor France, nor Germany, as distinct from their great mountain chains, possesses those thrilling contrasts of exquisite loveliness, of rich abundance, side by side with appalling shapes of Nature in her most majestic scorn and wrath.

Only the Alps have these deep tragic contrasts, washing out the soul, as tragedy does, with pity and terror. The Alps are international, European, Humanitarian. Four written languages are spoken in their valleys, and ten times as many local patois. The Alps are not specially Swiss: we used to think they were English—they belong equally to four nations of Europe: they are the *sanatorium* and the *diversorium* of the civilized world, the refuge, the asylum, the second home of men and women famous throughout the centuries for arts, literature, thought, religion. The poet, the philosopher, the dreamer, the patriot, the exile, the bereaved, the reformer, the prophet, the hero—have all found in the Alps a haven of rest, a new home

where the wicked cease from troubling, where they need neither fear nor suffer. The happy and the thoughtless, the thinker and the sick—are alike at home here. The patriot exile inscribed on his house on Lake Lemman—*omne solum forti patria*. What he might have written is—*omnibus hoc, solum patria*. To young and old, to strong and weak, to wise and foolish alike, the Alps are a second Fatherland. And yet here, for my part, I think more and more of my own Fatherland.

#### LETTER II.

Col de Jaman : October 2, 1907.

I am just back from a glorious stroll up to Jaman. Do you remember how Byron tells us in his Diary of his ride over the pass from Vevey towards the Oberland, just ninety years ago in this very autumn season? He jots down in his Letters and Diary the sensation of delight it gave him, great traveller as he then was. Never had he seen such an ideal of pastoral life—not even in the mountains of Albania or Greece. I saw that luscious valley to-day through Byron's eyes. The Lake was gleaming in the Sun, fringed with scattered hamlets, chalets, villas and gardens—changed, alas! since Byron wrote his poem on Chillon, since Julie and Saint-Preux whispered together in the bosquets—but not yet spoiled—more cultivated, civilized, and modernized, but even richer in vegetation, more crowded with human enjoyments.

I passed up through orchards and groves of chestnut, acacia, and beech woods, past many a sub-tropical terrace, *berceau*, and *parterre*, such as we see only here, in Italy, and along the Mediterranean. Then came the open pastures, deep with lush grass in their second and third crop, studded with brown, pitchy, roomy log-built chalets, each a confused mass of *greniers*, cowsheds, wooden balconies, and

spreading eaves. The ceaseless cow-bells tinkled in a gentle but mild harmony, in scattered groups far and near, whilst high above the herds were being gathered and brought down to their winter stalls, amidst incessant shouts of the herdsmen, re-echoed from the crags. Far and near the eye roamed over hanging valleys clothed with woods and copses of larch, pine, and mountain ash, thence to distant lower plains—all gleaming with toothsome pasture, gay wild flowers, inexhaustible industry, and healthy homes.

Hour by hour I trudged on upwards far more leisurely than when I trod this path fifty years ago—more slowly but more full of thought—and indeed quite as happy and elated as then in my muscular and idle youth. Right and left many thousands of feet above one rose the bare and cruel teeth of Jaman and of Naye, a range of serrated crags, seamed with *coulloirs*, down which in spring torrents of snow and rock tumble and crash and tear deep rents in the precipice. From time to time my path crossed an avalanche track, down which six months earlier were wont to thunder masses which could crush a village and flood a plain. Many a tall pine lay torn across the track, snapped in two or wrenched up by its roots. What a symbol of a wrecked life is the stump of a whitened trunk, blasted by lightning or battered down by a volley of rocks, as it lies helpless in the midst of a delicious copse that seems planted only for man's enjoyment and use!

And then the highest pines were passed and the path had to zigzag amidst stones as sharp as knives. There at length desolation showed itself in its solitude and its nakedness. There the hardest pines could not endure the blasts of autumn, the ice of winter. A goat here and there could pick some weeds for a week or two yet. But to-morrow, it may be, in a few short weeks certainly, these bare

pinnacles and ridges would be deep beneath a mantle of snow, coated with hard ice, and inaccessible except for an hour or two to any but the hardest mountaineer, and that only with all the resources experience can give.

At last I stood upon the topmost crag; and what a vision it opened! Far to the east was the line of Oberland ranges—the white peaks of Jungfrau and Wetterhorn, Giant and Monk—to the South the silver aiguilles of Mont Blanc, the Dent du Midi, all his sullen fangs powdered with fresh snow, the Diablerets and the long, rasping vista of the Savoy Alps; Westwards the soft expanse of Lemman, Swiss lowlands, and distant Jura, studded with busy towns, thriving villages, orchards, pastures, churches, vineyards in their flowing vintages, industry, plenty, peace, and health, as if Earth and Man had combined to frame a Paradise.

All this in one inexhaustible panorama. All that Nature has of sweetest, richest, dearest—of hardest, wildest, most grim, most deathly. Satiated with the splendor and the manifold sides of this landscape, I slowly tramped down across rocks, meadows and orchards, and as I came down at last upon the beaming lake-side, I felt it would almost be a relief if only, like one of Rousseau's *petits maîtres*, I could vent the emotion in tears.

There is hardly a spot round this most poetic and historic corner of Europe, this Lake Lemman and its neighboring valleys and mountains, but what recalls to us some line of poetry, some passage of romance, a great literary triumph, a memorable conflict, an illustrious career, an heroic death. Poets made the charm of Greece. But poets, romancers, dramatists, moralists, historians, theologians, artists—all combine to give a special halo of charm to the Alps and the Alpine world at large. Byron, Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Shelley, Coleridge, Tur-

ner, Ruskin, Schiller, Manzoni, Scott—have all stamped on the mind of Europe their special ideas of this region.

Rousseau was the first to see its poetry, but he saw only one side of it. Coleridge chanted a magnificent Hymn in the valley of Mont Blanc. Shelley loved the Sea too much to be the true lover of the Alps. The lover, the poet, the Prophet of the Alps is Byron. Only he felt all the beauty, all the majesty, all the humanity, all the terror of the Alps—the pastoral simplicity, the love-lorn memories, the flashing storms, thundering avalanches, stupendous cataracts of the higher Alps, the awful solitudes of the Upper Snowfields, where Man stands fearless and even masterful face to face with the very Spirit of Earth.

All this only Byron saw and felt and told. Who could have written "Manfred" but Byron? Where could Byron have placed Manfred but in the Alps? Can we imagine Manfred, even on Scafell or on the Puy de Dôme? Byron and the Alps are of kin. Two others of our men knew the Alps better than Byron, even saw their charm more truly, but not their awe nor their majesty with equal power. By the side of Byron we have to place both Ruskin and Turner.

In the Alps I sometimes frame in a single view an imaginary panorama of the long history of Man and Man's earth. As I look down from the rocks which tower above Glion I realize how those fierce fangs of the mighty Dent, of Diablerets, of d'Argentière, the long spurs of Chablais in Savoy, are themselves but the *débris* of primeval Himalayas, from which monstrous glaciers descended to scoop out the lake. I see in the mind's eye the prehistoric tribes, whose origin, race, language, manners no man now can tell us, building out into the shallows of the Lake their huts on piles, to secure a home from enemies and beasts. I

see them fishing, hunting, weaving and fighting, with needles and hooks of bone, knives and axes of stone—at the dawn of civilization in Europe.

I see hordes of barbarians from North and East storming the Roman camps, and driving back the legions on their road to the Eternal City. I watch the swarms of Hun, Burgundian, Aleman, and Goth, as they tramp along the military roads of the Empire on which Cæsar and Hadrian, Aurelius, Constantine, and Julian, were used to post out and home, from the Seine and the Rhine to the Tiber. I see the monks and Christian missions pushing their way up into the pagan valleys, and planting here and there an abbey and a church. I see the ebb and flow of feudal Lord and free town, the castle built out into the Lake or crowning some dominant rock, the watch towers, walls and gates of the burgher militia, the deadly tussle of Savoy, Hapsburg, Zähringer, and Nassau. I hear the fierce quarrels and fiercer battles of Catholic and Reformer, the deadly fight of one hundred years which ended in drawn battle and equal partition of the soil and of rule.

From hence I perceive the hills that look down on the earlier homes of Swiss liberty, and the bloody field of Morat where proud Burgundy met his second crushing blow. Far and wide, from Leman to the Jura, lies a land of plenty, industry, peace and freedom—the refuge of men hunted by priest and king. The extreme horizon almost touches the asylum of the wonderful old man who shook altars and thrones with a pen that dripped sulphuric acid and shot electric sparks. Beneath my feet lies the home of Rousseau, the scenes of his morbid imagination, his sickly egotism, his inimitable witchery of words. Ah! now I see the hillside where the historian wrote the last chapter of his last vol-



ume and sighed to feel that it was at an end. Byron, Shelley, Ruskin, poets, historians, divines, have made every village memorable in the literature of the world. And from Cæsar to Charlemagne, from Rudolph to Napoleon, every great ruler in Europe has graven his record on the Alps.

We are apt to fancy that the charm of the Alps lies in Nature, unalloyed with life and untouched by man. Far from it! The whole region, from its physical form, its central position, its barriers and gates between the nations and the tongues, is the neutral ground and highway of Europe. Its passes, from Hannibal's time to Napoleon, are memorable in the crises of history. For centuries since Roman times few who leave their own country fail to find themselves there. And, for at least two, if not three, centuries, European literature and poetry ring with its local memories.

The vast Alpine semicircle which stretches from Toulon to Trieste was no doubt impressive and wild in the primitive ages, but it was not then beautiful and enchanting. To Livy and Cæsar, to Horace and Virgil, it meant difficulties, dangers, desolation. To St. Bernard, to Dante, to Chaucer, even to Milton, mountains were the Valley of the Shadow of Death. In the Middle Ages much of the Alpine region was a monotonous forest, a waste prairie. It was only as the valleys began to teem with abundance and culture, as homesteads were pushed up higher and higher towards the upper pastures, as paths were cut across the neck of the dividing ridges, as villages and bell towers rose on bare mountain sides, as vines, orchards, exotic plants, and southern trees were planted in the sheltered plains—it was only then that every traveller felt the supreme beauty of this land.

See a wooded gorge at the first

glance as we catch it from the road! Well! it is a pine forest like any other. But stop and watch it closer. The whole valley teems with clearings, rich pastures, cattle byres, log cabins, chapelries, roads, bridges, belfries—each wrung by the toil of generations from a soil by nature barren and unkind. The paths mount up in long serpentine spirals from ledge to ledge, leaping across roaring torrents in dizzy arches and piercing precipices in corridors. A thousand feet above the lake on a shelving lawn there seems to stand a gray rock. We look more steadily, and lo! it is a tiny church. We can hear its bell softly chiming. We can almost watch the peasant women gathering round it at Angelus! 'Tis some *Maria zum Schnee*, some *Madonna del Sasso*. There on a stony plateau or scanty clearing, twice as high as our Snowdon, there is life, industry, home, devotion.

The traveller lives their life and sees their achievements. Even on each peak the cairn of rude blocks, heaped up as a landmark and beacon, testifies to the triumph of man over all the obstacles of ungracious Nature. The poet in his most perverse mood never wrote a falsier word than when he said in his mad way—"Man marks the Earth with ruin." No! Man clothes the Earth with beauty, charm, and fruit. And nowhere on this planet is this seen in such completeness, as when in this great Alpine world we find how Man has made bounteous and glorious a tract which at first was hopeless waste, and which still in some aspects seems to overwhelm the mind with awe and to paralyze the heart with horror.

When I first saw these mountains and valleys in my early Oxford days—can it really be fifty-six years ago and more?—I was carried out of all good sense and self-control by the fascination of this new transcendent world, I

deserted my friends and comrades, I raced about the crags and rattled down the snow glissades, tramped through the night, rose to see the dawn in mid-summer, and behaved like a youth in a state of delirium. I never saw a fresh peak but I thirsted to stand on it. I sought to be rid of guides, companions, engagements, impediments, to turn night into day, to turn travelling into a race, to slide down every *coulloir*; and bathe in every glacier pool. I am less foolish now. And if I plod along with an old walk-

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ing-stick, in lieu of an axe, if I seldom go many hundred yards without halting to gaze and ponder and gaze again, I now love best the middle heights, pastures, and beaming woodlands, where the snow peaks form just the setting of the picture. 'Tis perhaps to-day the fortieth time that I look on this perennial scene of wonder and joy. And never have I seen it with such inward delight—delight that is shadowed only by this—that I cannot have you to share it with me.

*Frederic Harrison.*

### BERNARD QUARITCH AND OTHERS.

No survey of books and their makers can very well neglect the second-hand contingent. They resemble their wares, for the most part, in all outward disadvantage of comparison alongside the dealers who sell us "the last thing out." Their linen is less spruce, their binding less presentable, their edges want trimming, and their backs are bent. They are the train-band, the baggage-corps, in the great army of literature. They are a corrective against the fever of circulations, the clamor of advertisement, and the exaggeration of reviewers. Even in a material sense they are "makers of books" in so far as they doctor the imperfect copy and make it sound, by tracking down the truant volume, and restoring the departed plate, binding where necessary, and bringing a tattered work back to rehabilitation and its right mind. For one library they scatter, they help to start a dozen more, and if in the process some of the gold comes off the books and finds its way into their pockets, who cares?

Quite beyond the limit of the demonstrable information they contain, there is a psychology in books; they have emotions, you may say, as well as

faculties, and the way to reach the soul of an author, humanly speaking, is to study his work in the guise in which it left his hands. Here again we depend upon the second-hand dealers, the men who shake their heads at temporary fame, and have parcelled so many Mudie-made celebrities away into the limbo of reductions and "remainders." Yet they are not merely a break-down gang to clear away the litter; they are the staff of the permanent way; and the greatest man who ever drove along it to renown and fortune was a man already mentioned in these gossiping chapters—I allude to Bernard Quaritch.

The details of his life are easily reducible to a paragraph, while the oddities of his character would fill out a novel. He was born in a village of Prussian Saxony, four years after Waterloo had come and gone, leaving Germany to work out her own unity and salvation. He served his time to a bookseller in Nordhausen until the age of twenty, and then he spent three years with a publishing firm in Berlin. In 1842 he came to London and served, as we have seen, in the shop of Henry George Bohn, of Covent Garden. The

salary was phenomenal—twenty-four shillings a week—and there is no record to show whether master and man perceived the other's real capacity. It is the silent man who wins. There is a legend that he and Bohn once came to a tussle of words, and if it be true, then the one must have broken his rule of bridling his tongue, and the other may have got some inkling of his subordinate's merit and resolution. The story goes that when Quaritch announced an intention of leaving, Bohn took offence, and remarked, "But why? where are you going?" "I am going," was the answer, "to set up in opposition to you." "It's like your impudence," said Bohn: "I'd have you know that I am the first bookseller in England." This was matter of doubt, but Quaritch waived the argument. He retorted: "Yes, but I am going to be the first bookseller in Europe." He carried out his threat, and if he had thrown the other continents into the boast as well, he would have done no one any harm, for he lived and worked to make his prediction true.

At Bohn's he came to know Lowndes, of "The Bibliographer's Manual," and in the process of assisting in his works, he acquired something of the old compiler's method. But as the Frenchmen still had much to teach us in the finesse of old book-lore, he spent a year in the book-shops of Paris, and came back to help his former master, Bohn, in the preparation of his great catalogue of 1847. In that year he took out naturalization papers as a British subject, and started for himself at a tiny corner-shop in what is now Charing Cross Road. He had a handful of savings as his capital. His first catalogue was a single sheet called "Quaritch's Book Circular," and this was the beginning of a series of publications which are contested in the open market of the sale-rooms almost

as fiercely as the rarities they specify. The last catalogue of the firm came out in seven folio volumes with many supplements, and the care is inconceivable that goes into the making of a monumental list like that. Quaritch's catalogues have open shelves of their own in the Round Room of the British Museum, alongside the State Papers and all the thumb-worn drudges of ready reference. But the great Bernard was something more than a seller and a list-compiler, for he specialized and published on his own account. The Crimea established his vogue as a source for the literatures of Eastern Europe, and he published in rapid succession grammars and glossaries in Russian, Turkish, Persian, and Arabic. Meanwhile he went on buying and sweeping all before him. The Bishop of Cashel's famous library came into the market, and the modest corner-shopman who bagged his Mazarine Bible for £595 came to be known as a dealer in this costly rarity, for in the space of forty years he had half a dozen copies of it through his hands, and one of them he priced at £4,000.

Those things are not captured in the teeth of the traders and turned to profit without knowledge, courage, capital, and patience. When, after thirteen years, he moved into 15, Piccadilly, he had spread his reputation everywhere as the boldest wolf in the pack, and wherever books proved inaccessible the connoisseurs had learned to come to Quaritch. He never did justice to the contents of the books he bought and sold; no man could—not even a Magliabecchi; but no one had such a Jew's eye for a Caxton or a Gutenberg, a rare old Codex or a Shakespeare quarto. If ever you pushed your way in through the Piccadilly crowd and the narrow door which served for every purpose, you were safe to see before you left some

well-nigh priceless treasure of an older world—a crumbling Koran or a Talmudic manuscript swathed in a ragged talith or a camel-skin. You might see a row of Elzevirs propped up against a Pandect from some old notary's library in Padua, or a gem-encrusted Book of Hours some broken Spanish monastery had relinquished with sighs and groans, as it took a last leave of the illuminated wonders traced within.

In Quaritch's shop, somehow, you got a peculiar smell of learning and antiquity that was unattainable elsewhere, except perhaps in that fine relic of the Middle Ages, the Plantin Museum at Antwerp. And he was as taciturn as any mediæval scholar. Conversation he despised except among his cronies and the quaint club he formed called the "Sette of Odde Volumes." He detested the inutilities and small-talk of the passing day, and the casual twaddle about trifles like the weather or the government was pretty safe to land you in a snub. He rarely looked up from his desk, and when he did he showed an impatient, stern, and energetic face, lit by an implied but eloquent remainder of the value of time. Dust seemed thoroughly congenial to him, and he showed to advantage in his workaday attire. The commonalty, hearing so much about his fabulous wealth, were inclined to doubt it when they bearded him in his den and found him such a bent, unceremonious, unassuming figure. One day, when the entrance was unguarded, an itinerant pedlar bundled his wares into the shop, and, as he strode through avenues of books, his basket knocked hundreds of pounds' worth of learning to the ground. When he arrived at the great man's desk, Quaritch, without looking up, inquired his business, and got the abrupt, alarming challenge: "Ten a penny, walnuts!" It was the only moment, so far as I have ever heard,

when the bookseller fell into volubility.

Quaritch's great moments were at the book-sales. When he entered, he said little or nothing; his bids were nods; and when he left, it was his rivals' turn to talk, generally of their discomfiture and wonderment. His purchases were Homeric in their grandeur. He beat the best Frenchmen at the Didot sales in 1878 and 1879; and at the Perkins sale he spent £11,000, buying half the whole and all the best. He was the chief buyer at Sotheby's when the Hamilton and Beckford libraries came under the hammer; and at the end of the Sunderland sale at Puttick and Simpson's, he made such triumphant inroads in that mighty stock, that he was moved to rise and make a little speech congratulating all concerned on "the greatest book-sale that the world had ever known." When it was over, he was heard to blame himself for his extravagance; but presently the Osterley sale came along, and he bought as vigorously as ever. He acted as agent and publisher for the proceedings of many of the learned corporations—the British Museum, the Government of India, the Hakluyt Society, the Society of Antiquaries, and a dozen others; and in the firm's present premises in Grafton Street there are rooms set apart for each of these departments of its activity. Even his smaller deals had something of the heroic in their mould. It was Quaritch who published for Edward FitzGerald the first version of his "Omar," and when the tiny brown-paper book fell on an unappreciative world the surplus was dumped into the outside box to take its chance at a penny a copy. It is said that Rossetti found it first, read it to a select company of Swinburne and their friends, and in this way a day or two served to disperse a couple of hundred unconsidered trifles that are now worth their weight in gold. The incident is fa-

mous in the annals of bibliography, but in comparison with the magnitude of Quaritch's transactions it was what the Irishman called "a fly-bite in the thrackless furrmamint." Meanwhile his catalogues went on, and one of the first of his more important ones, the "*Bibliotheca Xylographica, Typographica, et Palaeographica*" of 1873, was a masterpiece. The index alone of one of its successors in the eighties cost £1,000 in the production, apart from the bulk of the work, and the whole was styled by an authority "a suitable monument which will be regarded with wonder and veneration as long as the love of books and the use of books exist."

Before he died Quaritch warned his son and successor that the shop in Piccadilly would soon be unserviceable, and for years they were engaged in a quest for other premises. Albermarle Street seemed a likely quarter, partly for its quietude, associations, and accessibility, and a street which contains the headquarters of John Murray, the houses of Nell Gwynn and more reputable folk, and the Royal Institution into the bargain, is not without inducements for the owner of the greatest book-shop in the world. In the nick of time there came into the market the old house in Grafton Street which was once famous as the town house of Admiral Howe, and this gave the necessary light, space, and solidity, with the calm environment required. The result is a spacious shop that opens into Mr. Quaritch's study at the back, and a wide old Adams staircase that leads past landings and well-stored cases into the chief store-room, where the rare bindings and incunabula are installed. Here you may see the *editio princeps* of Homer that the Nerills of Florence had printed at their own expense in 1488; and side by side with it, and all around, a collection of collections, of everything in the way of

script or print that has ever been enriched by the brain or the hand of man. This blazon of old gold and color looks as if the treasure and splendor of the "Arabian Nights" had been melted in a giant crucible, and poured into a library instead of a mould.

Quaritch had an invincible belief in books as an investment, and held that whatever price was paid for the rare and perfect book would be reached as the passion for bibliography developed. The demand grows, the supply is dwindling. The New World has caught on, and redoubled the emulation of the connoisseurs, so that the departure westward of much of our best has made the rest dearer in more senses than one. This is the one business in the world, as Mr. Quaritch told me once, which is personal in its essence, and imaginative in its outlook.

Charing Cross Road was non-existent when Quaritch set up shop; it has come into being since, and now that Holywell Street has disappeared it must stand as our London substitute for the bookstalls and the boxes along the terrace of the Seine. The comparison is not inapt, for our English climate is as moist as the air of any river-edge, and instead of the Seine we have the human tide that ebbs and flows at Charing Cross. Certainly one falls to find in the pages of Uzanne bibliophiles more devoted than those who haunt the boxes between St. Martin's and St. Giles'. Nothing seems to daunt them; they face alike, as Mr. Dobson says,

The common thoroughfare,  
The dust, the beating rain, and all  
The shame and squalor of the stall.

In the rain their only concern seems to be to unmask their quarry from its shelter of tarpaulin; in the dog days they endure the same heroic overcoats and mufflers that they sport in winter.



As for their prey, nothing seems to come amiss; and in a single day you find the strangest disparities between the books and their buyers. Clerics buy yellow-backs; gentlemen from the "halls" and the Hippodrome come and hunt for ideas in antic and costume; postmen buy anything from music to sociology; lads buy anything from "cribs" to "shockers." I once met a copy of Guicciardini in the original coming away in the hands of an ardent student of languages who is a porter at Victoria Station. The other day the President of the Local Government Board was emerging from one of these haunts, and I had the temerity to ask what he had captured. The answer disposed of any hope that the sweets of office had tempted him to higher flights than usual, for, "true to the kindred points of heaven and home," he had bought an old pamphlet relating to Battersea. Were one to take Charing Cross Road and tell its story from end to end, the book-shops would make the cream of the story; and one of the romances of it all relates not to a book-shop but the memory of one. It is the site of the shop just referred to as Quaritch's first venture, and it remains as an instance of the sentiment of a man who was rarely suspected of heartstrings or any luxury of that kind. Years after he removed to Piccadilly he retained the old premises as a warehouse, and when the march of improvement swept this way, he still retained the site, and now it adjoins Wyndham's Theatre—a derelict plot walled in with hoardings, like a Lazarus, hectic and unsightly, among its loftier neighbors.

Shall we take another type of bookseller and subject him to a kindly scrutiny? Saving your patience, there could hardly be a better instance than a man who, in dealing with second-hand wares, has struck an original line of his own. In this Latin Quarter of

ours—the one spot where Mürger's Collin with his book-burst pockets would have been thoroughly at home—Mr. Bertram Dobell has more claims than seniority to be considered representative. He has done more to widen our acquaintance of poets and playwrights in the Elizabethan and Jacobean eras than perhaps any other living man. To him we owe Traherne and Strode, fine singers both, who had survived in manuscript only, and might have gone unlaurelled down to dusty death but for his discernment. Out of the files of the old *London Magazine* he has rescued and identified many unknown pieces from the pen of Lamb; and he has recovered more than one old English play which looks like giving its author a place alongside Webster and Dekker. Of late, scouring through fresh piles of unprinted manuscripts, he came across two manuscript versions of Sidney's "Arcadia"—each differing from each, and both from the final version we so freely discuss and rarely read. One or two things of moment relating to the origin of that fine romance have come to light through his happy agency; and we may say the same with regard to the difficult and narrow field of Shakespearean biography. As for minor gleanings in this and similar fields, they are many and valuable, and are to find their way soon into another published volume. All this is a signal achievement for a man who spent a youth of grinding poverty and scanty education. He was thirty when he broke away from a soulless occupation, and set out with a ten-pound note to learn the arduous and difficult trade of a dealer in books. In the conversations I have had with him at sundry times, he confesses to something over sixty years of age, and an unbroken habit of reading from five to six hours a day. This is the secret of it all—complete absorption in the one pursuit,



the love of books, first for their own sake, and secondly as a medium for honest dealing with one's fellow-men. On their own merits, as George Colman said, modest men are dumb. The one thing on which Mr. Dobell prides himself is that he was of some service during life to that melancholy and distracted soul, "B.V." Thomson; and if only for the part he played in sustaining and encouraging him, long before his means enabled him to publish Thomson's poems, all who know "The City of Dreadful Night," and the circumstances of the author's life, will hold Mr. Dobell in grateful remembrance. As he says himself, "The thing that galled me when I was young was to be chained to a thankless and sordid trade where I could never call my brain my own; and if I have had an ambition gratified in life, it was to feel that I had justified my life by doing some good to other men, and, above all else, to that fine, sad singer." It is an eloquent vindication of a life of hard work, and those who know Mr. Dobell are well aware that his sympathy for poetry proceeds from a refined and genuine poetic gift of his own.

London at first, to a provincial, seems strangely devoid of the kindly old-style booksellers he has left behind. One or two such still remain, but they are survivals of a past generation, and these few admit, on close inquiry, that they are not London-born. One of the best of them is a Northumbrian and an octogenarian, who has been a bookseller for sixty-nine years, without a holiday, and, until lately, without an illness. He has been dubbed "worthy and intelligent" in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, and still survived. Talk with him when he is in the vein, and you will find John Salkeld at eighty-one still unimpaired in faculty and full of lively recollections of Macaulay and Carlyle and others who have dealt with him. As a youngster

he was "put" to a Hexham bookseller, and bound apprentice as the only cure for truancy. After serving his indentures, he did what Johnson's father used to do, he tramped from fair to fair with seven or eight stone of books and a £4 pedlar's license; and after a twenty-five or thirty miles journey, thought nothing of standing in a market-place all the afternoon and evening disposing of his wares. But they were rough-and-tumble times. He tried a spell as assistant to a public conjurer, and then again as sponge-holder to a pugilist; and when he had tired of these more devious occupations, and gone back to book peddling, he walked one day into Bristol with his stock of books and a hundred sovereigns in his pocket, and set out again at night, afoot and all but penniless, for Birmingham. Gold and books had gone at a gaming table, leaving him with fourpence, and the crude experience. That is sixty years since, and the chief recollections of the prosperous interval are his memories of Macaulay and Carlyle.

"The first shop I opened in London," he says, "was in Featherstone Buildings, a little thoroughfare off Holborn that rejoiced in a double bottle-neck, and a row of railways across it half-way up. I was unpacking some cases of books one morning that I had bought at Beverley, and, because there was no better place available, I was unpacking them in the roadway. Up came a grave and pleasant gentleman, very well set up and neatly dressed, who stopped and looked on as if he were fully at home in that kind of neighborhood and also with the kind of job I was engaged on. It was a long time afterwards that I heard he was Lord Macaulay, and the customer who told me became Lord Justice Fry. "May I look at these books?" the stranger asked. I said "Certainly," and went and got a chair for him;

but I was in so small a way then that I had to borrow it. He sat down and went through the lot, quickly but thoroughly, and made a big selection of historical tracts of the period just after the Civil War. He asked what he was to pay, and I said a shilling apiece. He seemed astonished, and I was prepared to hear him grumble, when he said, "I am very pleased to have come across them, and to find you are so reasonable in your terms." He came again and again, and each time took several pounds' worth away with him, carrying them himself and never allowing me to make a parcel except so far as to string them up. He was always eager to learn when I had new consignments coming, and once when I told him I had bought a fresh lot of Civil War tracts and stuff relating to the time of William and Mary, he showed some mild impatience at learning it was too late to unpack them that day. He begged me to go through them soon, and I said I would sit up that night and sort them out by the morning. He asked what time I opened shop, and I said eight o'clock. He was there on the step next morning to the minute, and commenced on his task, one pile after another. I soon found he had had no breakfast, but all I could persuade him to take was a cup of coffee. After a couple of hours' hard sorting, he chose two or three hundred pieces, paid for them, and engaged for me to deliver them at the Albany that night. I took them myself, and I should say the year was 1855 or '56. I remember his repeating his pleasure, the last time I saw him, that I had dealt with him so fairly. "You have saved me a considerable amount of money," he said, "for what you charge me a shilling for, I have been in the habit of paying other people ten." Which I thought was very fair of him, considering how slow buyers are as a rule to see any

side to a bargain but his own."

Another recollection relates to Carlyle, and as Carlyle reminiscences are fast running to the ebb, it is worth a little more invasion on the reader's patience. "When I moved my shop to Orange Street, one of my best customers was a Chelsea gentleman of the name of Swift—he was an eager collector in everything relating to Irish history. But he was getting much older than I am now, and very early in 1864, I think, he decided to sell his library and save it from the hammer. I was to wait on him early one morning, not in a cart but a hansom, and the time we agreed on was six o'clock. I was there on the Embankment at half-past five and standing at the foot of Cheyne Walk, smoking and watching the dawn, when a curious figure came down one of the streets, who was engaged in the same occupations. Whether it was my relish for tobacco, or the unusual sight of a stranger with a vehicle there at that time of morning, I can't say, but the old gentleman came across the road to me, and I saw it was not my client. He wore a round black velvet skull-cap, and a loosish dressing-gown, and so far as I recollect, the pipe he was smoking was a clay. He passed the time of day, and when he caught my Northumbrian accent it seemed somehow to take the edge off things. He asked me what my business was, and when I told him all about Swift and his books, he arranged to call and see them. We parted, and I made my deal; but instead of waiting till I'd got the books in order, he came that very afternoon and spent three or four pounds with me. Like Macaulay, he wouldn't let me trouble to tie the parcel up, but had the books tied up with string and carried them off there and then. He came several times after that, and months passed before I knew it was Thomas Carlyle.

Portraits of notable authors, you see, were not so thick upon the ground in those days, and a man had more chance of walking about without annoyance. History was what he seemed to buy, and not so much English or Scotch, but Irish history; and I remember that for every parcel he bought (and he was a pretty shrewd judge of prices), he insisted on something being knocked off. It is a pretty common weakness with all our clients, and Carlyle was not a Scotchman for nothing."

This weakness for the fractional reduction, though, is a dangerous thing in a pursuit like book-buying, and another of this dealer's recollections points the moral better than any homily. In the early seventies he bought as part of the contents of a private library a valuable heap of Burns material—presentation copies of songs signed by the poet, portraits, autographs, letters, and a book of unexampled importance to the poet's critics and biographers. Cromek describes it as such in his "Reliques of Robert Burns." It consists of a copy of the "Scots Musical Museum," which the poet annotated for his friend, Captain Riddell of Glenriddell, to the extent of a hundred and forty critical entries, many of them of tolerable length. It was the stingy bid of a rival that set Mr. Salkeld examining his find more closely, and when he entered the parcel up in his next catalogue at a price of 110 guineas, the description occupied two pages. You may see it in the complete file of his catalogues which is preserved (no common honor this) in the Bodleian Library. The custom of the trade is to post catalogues to the provinces a day before those that go to subscribers in town, and the sequel came like a whirlwind next morning. "A man drove up to the door," says Mr. Salkeld, "and announced himself as Mac So-and-so of Kilmarnock—

just like a chieftain in Waverley—and by George he looked it, for he was a fair big figure of a man. He asked to see the Burns stuff, and after looking it over, never asked how I came by it, but wanted to know what discount I'd give. I told him the usual 10 per cent. allowed to the trade, and he offered a stingy £80. Now I knew he was rich, and I was not, and I refused, although if he had told me of the clients who had commissioned him I might have thought it over. He said no more, but walked out of the shop, and a quiet gentleman who was standing by asked for the chance instead. In less than five minutes he was off in a cab with the parcels tied up, when back came the Scotchman. "I'll tak' 'em," he said, and I told him they'd gone. Big as he was, he fainted, and if I hadn't held him up he'd have dropped there and then in the shop. We gave him a cordial, and when he came to he told me his principals, the Burns Club of Dumfries, had sent him to buy the lot at any price. He asked me to beg him the chance again from the collector who had bought them, but he was an old customer, and I knew it was hopeless; and when the poor man got back north, I believe he got an awful jacking from his patrons of the Club. He never looked up afterwards, I believe, and it was certainly a loss to Scotland. Lord Rosebery, when he'd heard the things were sold, wrote me a very nice letter desiring to have the reversion if ever my customer wanted to sell; but all I could do was to send the letter on. For thirty-three years they remained with the same collector—he was Mr. Nichols, of Barnsbury,—and when he died four years ago, and his books were sold at Sotheby's, that Burns lot fetched close on a thousand pounds."

. . . . .

There is a moral in all this worth

commending to any who are seized with the *chasse au bouquin*. One often hears of inordinate profits made in the secondhand trade, but one may say of them what Bacon says of prophecies, that the successes are remembered, and the failures go unnoticed. To those who are born with a love of it, it is, as the last narrator says, "a delightful trade," but it entails unwearying application, a passion for the dry routine of catalogues, unflinching memory and patience, indifference to personal discomfort and appearances, and "a murderous tenacity about trifles." The practitioner is lucky if the prime of life finds him with health and eyesight unimpaired. These are risks and burdens that no considerations of profit can outweigh, and we are few of us phil-

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losophers enough to be consoled, after our best years and faculties are spent, with the memory of past achievements and the hope of better things to come. For the era is gone and the fashion faded when a pious scholar could make a parable and a rule of life out of an old book, as Henry Vaughan did. To the gentle Silurist, the paper, the leather cover, and the thoughts within were eloquent respectively of trees and beasts and men, and he concluded the quaint fancy with this fine apostrophe:

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when  
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts, and  
men,  
When Thou shalt make all new again,  
Destroying only death and pain,  
Give him amongst thy works a place  
Who in them lov'd and sought Thy  
face.

J. P. C.

## HIS HONOR THE DISTRICT JUDGE.

His Honor Seyd Mehta, the District Judge of Colampore, had dined with the Malcolms, and he was the first of the Collector's guests to leave the bungalow. He sauntered down the drive, lifting his contemplative gaze to the magnificence of the starry heavens. Behind him, the lamplit rooms sent long thrusts of light, sword-wise, into the hot darkness. Joan Malcolm had taken up her violin, and the sweet, wailing notes of it came sighing out on to the heavy air. Ruddy, broad-faced young Capper of the Police lounged by the open window, eating her up with adoring eyes.

His Honor smoked his cigar tranquilly, but at heart he smouldered. Harrow and Lincoln's Inn backed his past; the High Courts awaited him in the future. For the present he was a Civil Servant of excellent position and recognized ability, a Mohamedan gen-

tleman who had distinguished himself in England as well as in the land of his birth. Also, he was of less account in the eyes of Joan Malcolm than Capper, a blundering English Acting-Superintendent of Police, with a pittance of six hundred rupees per mensem.

Possibly Capper had not intended to be offensive, but it is not given to the young and the British to entirely conceal all consciousness of superiority when speaking with a native. His courtesy was that of a man who considered it to be beneath his dignity to use less ceremony. His civility was due to his respect to himself, not for the person whom he honored with his unintellectual conversation.

The Judge flipped the ash off his cigar, and his slender hand was cool and leisurely. His dark, straight-featured face was impassive as carved stone. Mentally, he was cursing Cap-

per with curses of inexhaustible fire and venom.

Malcolm, the Collector, had a right to speak loudly, and to say this or that, without cause, for he was Collector; but Capper, a mere Superintendent of the Police, a cub of twenty-three, was on a very different footing. Yet not even as an equal had he borne himself toward a District Judge.

His Honor's bungalow was on the outskirts of the town; and as he paced along the dusty road he came to a footpath that ran down the hill, through dense jungle, to the native village in the valley. There was a swarm of dark-skinned fellow-men down there to whom his name stood for all that is highest in authority. They would have loaded him with gifts had he permitted them to approach him. To them, it seemed that he was placed far above as a god, holding their lives and their fate 'twixt finger and thumb, in mid air. In the unfathomed depths of the Judge's educated, well-ordered mind stirred a craving for solace. Galled by the brutish indifference of the Englishmen, there was yet left to him the reverence of his own people.

He looked sharply up and down the road before he dived into the moist heat beneath the trees. He knew all that he was risking for a mere escape. He had never trodden that path before, excepting when he had gone on a shooting expedition with the Collector. There were strange noises in the darkness, stealthy rustlings, small, unfamiliar cries. He heard nothing but Capper's comment on his carefully reasoned prediction that the day must come when India would govern herself:

"Oh! you think so?"

Stupid, unmeaning, absurd, but successful.

Then, immediately, Capper was talking to Miss Malcolm about tennis, and she was listening, smiling and intent.

The Judge was a crack tennis-player. He loathed the game, but he had made himself proficient in it, because it was one of the things that people expect of a man. He was impelled to challenge Capper, and the answer was a drawled excuse.

The Judge was well down the hill now, descending the last precipitous slope, and the countless odors of the Indian village rose to his nostrils. There was a dull, murmurous commotion afar off, such as bees make when they are hiving. He listened with curiosity as he pressed forward. Suddenly he halted. The murmur had boomed out into a long, thunderous roar. Then silence, and out of the silence a single voice, deep and ringing.

"An infernal protest meeting," the Judge's British training informed him.

He went forward again, moving noiselessly, and reached the outskirts of the crowd, sheltering himself between the bushes that fringed the jungle. Torches flared and smoked, and shed a ruddy, uncertain light on hundreds of rapt, upturned faces. The orator stood, tall and straight above them, fully revealed by purposely clustered lights. He volleyed reproach and insult upon his listeners, he gave them taunts instead of persuasion. They stood enthralled by the passionate voice; and bitter words found their mark, and rankled poisonously.

"These soors of Feringhi, whom you call your masters, beat you, and they use your brothers to be their sticks. But for your brothers who wear the uniform of the Feringhi, and carry their guns, these worthless masters would be trodden into the dust beneath your feet. The men who hedge them in with steel must turn that steel against them!"

The roar of voices thundered along the trees, and died away suddenly, so that no word from the speaker might be lost.



"They are cunning, these Feringhi, my brothers. They steal the wisest from among us while yet they are children, and bear them away to their own land, and give them over to their own teachers. Thus come back your own with power and authority to scourge you. Your sons, your brothers, come back to you, learned, praised greatly, having striven against the Feringhi in their own schools, and won what they desired. Collector-sahib, judge-sahib, yea, even padre-sahib, come they back to you, not to lift you to honor and happiness beside them, but to side with those who oppress you; to grind taxes from you who starve, to imprison you who would be free.

"Sons of unspeakable shame! They drink your blood, they fatten on your misery, and they have their reward. We curse them, brothers! The Feringhi smile upon them; they eat bread and salt in their company, but they spit when they have passed by!"

Something in the scornful voice rang familiarly on the Judge's ears, and incautiously he changed his position, and tried to get a clearer view of the treason-monger. Instantly the man's bare, brown arm shot out, and pointed him to public notice.

"Here is one!" pealed out the trumpet-voice. "Has he come as our brother? Or comes he as the slave of our masters, to spy upon our meetings, and to deal out punishment to those who dare to be free? O brother, do you walk to Calcutta, where the High Courts be, over our bodies, and the bodies of our children? Will you go to the Collector-sahib with tales of a 'native rising,' and call up our brothers of the police to kill and maim us? Or come you to offer us a great heart?"

The Judge stood there, a motionless figure, flaring against the dark jungle in his spotless white linen evening-

dress. There was a broad silk cummerband about his lean waist, and a gold signet-ring gleamed on his left hand. Half a dozen Englishmen, thread for thread in similar garb, still lounged in the Collector's drawing-room. He appeared the very symbol of Anglicized India. The brown, half-naked mob surged and struggled to look at him. The brown, half-naked orator still pointed at him, and waited for reply. Meanwhile, he had been recognized.

"Iswar Chandra, by Jove!" muttered the Judge.

The last time they had met was in a London drawing-room. Iswar Chandra, the brilliant young barrister-at-law, had discoursed to a philanthropic peeress upon the social future of his native land, whilst an admiring circle of auditors hung upon his words. The fate of India's women, he had said, lay at the feet of such fair and noble ladies as her Grace. The Judge remembered that people were saying that evening of Iswar Chandra that he was a fascinating and earnest man, and that he would be the pioneer of great things in the country of his birth. The eyes of the half-naked savage challenged the Judge over the sea of moving heads, and drove away the supercilious smile from his lips.

"Brother, we claim you! You are of our blood, and we need such as you to lead us. The Feringhi have sharpened a sword to cut us down, but it shall turn to destroy them. Brother, we suffer the torments of hell—will you deliver us? Brother, we starve—will you give us food? Will you deal out to us life or death—you whose fathers were as our fathers? Choose now between great honor and the infamy that dies not! You are the paid creature of the British Raj, or you are a leader of free men. Brother, speak!"

As in a dream, the Judge approached the waiting crowd. His



mouth was parched, his heart beat fitfully. He wanted that piercing voice to wake the echoes again, to take up the story of the old blood-feud, to goad him into doing that which he had not the courage to do. Vanished was his pride of intellect and of fine achievement. He was a native, and he tugged and crawled at the stretch of the British chain.

"The Feringhi are few, and we are many. Shall the few rule the many? Shall we be servants and poor while yet in the arms of our golden mother? In their own country do the Feringhi not say that the word of the majority shall be law? So be it! We accept their word. The majority shall rule! O brother, skilled in the Feringhi craft, high placed to administer justice to all who are brought before thee, do I not speak the truth?"

The Judge threw away the dead end of his cigar, and shouldered his way into the inmost circle.

"Peace, thou," he said thickly; "this is folly. Ye must wait a while for vengeance."

Chandra threw up his arms, writhing in very ecstasy of fury.

"We have waited—have we not waited?—beside our open graves! Death to the Feringhi! Let them no longer desecrate our land. Let us forget that they ever were. They be few, and we be many. Brothers, to-night—to-night!"

The Judge was tearing off his clothes; he was trampling them beneath his feet; he was crying out in a strange, raucous voice, and all the swaying crowd were taking up his words, maddening themselves and their fellows with the intoxicating sounds:

"Death to the Feringhi! To-night, to-night! Our land for ourselves!"

All but a few torches were extinguished. Secret places were torn up, and out came old guns, old swords sharpened to razor-like edges, great

pistols, clubs, skinning-knives, daggers. Then up and through the dark jungle they thronged, herds of them, in the grip of a red and silent frenzy. Chandra was in the fore-front, but the leader was his Honor the District Judge, a glassy-eyed, tight-lipped Mussulman in a loin-cloth and a greasy turban.

The lights of the Collector's bungalow came in view, and the leader thought of young Capper, and rushed on frothing like a madman, waving his sword above his head. Then he paused, and ran back to meet the laggards of a yard or two.

"Only the men!" he shouted.

Chandra looked at him as the press bore him onward again, with scarcely an instant's halt.

"Only the men, my brother!" he echoed.

A few of the native police stood guard at the Collector's gates, but they turned and fled before the overwhelming numbers of the attacking force. Upon the long drive the dark wave poured, and into the wide, bright rooms. The bungalow was deserted.

Some fleet-footed servant had brought warning in time, and the British were well out of the town by the other road, with young Capper and a score of his men guarding their rear. The mob howled with disappointment. The next instant it was screaming with triumph as it settled down to sack and burn and destroy.

The Judge went into the dining-room, and looked at the long table still decked with silver and glass and flowers. He looked at the chair on which he had sat, with Joan Malcolm at his side, and he picked it up and dashed it with all his might into a great ivory-framed mirror, and laughed aloud at the crash and the ruin, and the rain of jagged splinters.

"India must pass into the hands of the Indians!"

"Oh! You think so—you think so—you think so—"

He overthrew a couple of standard lamps, and watched the liquid fire run and eat up their silken shades, and run again and leap upon the snowy curtains, and so, like lightning, spring to the ceiling and lick the dry rafters with a thousand darting tongues. Then he was out in the night again—the night of his life, the wonderful night that was calling for blood, and would not be denied.

There was no lack of light now to make clear the path of vengeance. The Collector's bungalow roared red to the very heavens, and flames shot up in a dozen different parts of the town. The bazaar was looted, and English-made goods were piled upon bonfires in the street.

A greater mob than had entered the town poured out of it, swift on the road to Chinsurah, where thousands of their brothers lay, lacking only courage and leaders.

At the midway turn of the road, where giant trees rear themselves at the side of the well, came a sudden check, and the mob fell back upon itself and grew dead silent. Those in the rear could only wait and guess what had happened. The forefront saw that the road was barred.

The moon had risen, and well out in the white light was Capper Sahib. Some of his men were behind him. There were soldiers there, too; how many, could not be seen, for they were grouped in the velvety, black shadows which the trees flung across the road. There might have been only fifty—or five hundred.

Young Capper came forward with his hands in his pockets, and stared at them. They saw that he was not afraid. He spoke to them in Urdu, bluntly and earnestly, so that some of them wavered and looked back. He said that they were fools, led by a few

rotten schemers who had only personal gain in view.

"Take good advice," he said. "Go to your homes while yet ye may. Ignorant and greatly daring that ye are, the Bandar-log, or such thievish scum among ye, drive ye with idle words and chatterings even to the brink of death. So far have ye come, but no further. . . ."

The Judge had snatched a villager's gun and fired. Capper Sahib fell, unspoken words on his lips. His fair head dragged in the dust, and a red stain showed suddenly upon the white linen over his breast.

A triumphant roar swept the mob from end to end. British rifles cracked out the answer, and the bullets went home surely into the rioting mass. Amid shrill screams of pain and fury, the leaders rallied their men, and charged forward. A second volley stopped them before young Capper's prostrate body could be reached. Few had joined the attack, and now they were fewer, and neither of the leaders stood among them.

That was the end. Bearing their dead and wounded, the rebels returned, wailing as they went. Before daylight the townsmen were in their houses, and the villagers had passed through the jungle and regained their homes. Arms were concealed with all haste. The dead were buried, the wounded for the most part were hidden. Prisoners had been taken, but only an inconsiderable number. Before daylight also the headman of the village and a native surgeon came stealthily from the Judge's bungalow, and went their ways. They had their order, and they went to spread it abroad. The order was *Silence*.

The headman had bowed himself to the earth when it was given, for he understood all that it meant. Prisoners would be brought before a brother, not only to-day, but to-morrow, and

for many morrows. So much had the night given them.

Then he who had yesterday feared no man was left alone. His wound was a furnace, burning him with fire and pain. His mind crept dazed about a hideous sense of loss. Honor, self-respect, freedom: all were gone. Yesterday the unassailable dispenser of justice, to-day the slave of a thousand slaves.

At noon his Honor came stiffly into the courtroom, leaning upon the arm of his native servant. The Collector, who was awaiting him there, feared that he had been injured by the rioters on the previous night, but he was quickly reassured. The Judge, it seemed, had sprained his knee shortly after leaving the Malcolm's hospitable roof. It was nothing—a mere trifle, though indisputably painful.

The Collector seated himself near the bench, and talked in a low voice. The ladies were all safe. No Europeans had been killed, and few injured. Capper had been shot by some cowardly dog while parleying with the rioters, but there were good hopes of him. The Judge was most truly concerned to hear of the calamity which had befallen Mr. Capper—immensely thankful to know that things were no worse with him.

His Honor had heard little or nothing of what had happened during the riot, being laid by the leg, as it were, in his own room.

A batch of prisoners was brought in. At first the Judge did not look at them. Afterward his eyes sought their gaze, and held it, and they knew him for their brother. They heard his soft voice speaking of them compassionately, as wayward children whom mercy would win over, though harshness might confirm them in their foolish resistance to authority.

The Collector seemed to protest, but with gentle courtesy his objections

were put aside. He leaned back in his chair, flushed and angry, as one after another the sullen-looking rebels were fined, and, having paid what was demanded, were set at liberty.

When the Judge looked up again, a single prisoner stood before him—a wounded, hawk-faced native, whose eyes blazed hate and contempt. The Collector drew his chair closer to the bench, and began to speak in gruff undertones:

"A ringleader. A man of some education, I understand—qualified as a barrister and has taken to journalism. Must make an example of him—eh?"

The Judge, straining in agony of mind and body, was aware of sudden relief from the pain of his wound. The bandage had slipped, and blood was cooling the torturing fire. A deathly faintness was upon him, and through it he spoke indistinctly—again of mercy:

"They were all blind. The leaders were blind. The blind leading the blind. Blind—blind——"

The Collector sprang up with a startled exclamation. A thin stream of blood trickled from behind his Honor's desk, and went a twisting way down to the well of the court. He caught the Judge in his arms as he fell forward, and lowered him gently to the ground. Then it was seen that the unconscious man's clothes were saturated with blood.

Instantly the court was cleared. A military surgeon cut away the blood-stained clothing from the Judge's thigh, and laid bare the clean wound made by a British bullet. A look passed between him and the Collector, but never a word.

Seyd Mehta's life had ebbed with his blood, and so he passed, unawakened, from swoon to death.

The English, as their way is, be-

trayed nothing. It was his Honor the District Judge of Colampore who had died; and they gave him burial the

*The London Magazine.*

next day with due regard to the high position which he had held in the service of H.M. the King and Emperor.

*John Le Breton.*

### TENNYSON'S NOTES ON HIS POEMS.\*

The "Early Poems" of Tennyson are, if the number and price of the editions of them afford any evidence, being every day more widely read. From the moment when they came out of copyright, publishers have vied with each other in producing them in more and more popular forms, and they can now be bought for fewer pence than they used to cost shillings. This is a healthy sign, since nothing could be better for England and for her Empire, and indeed for the English-speaking race, than that in these days, when the old traditional classical influences and standards are waning, this truly classical poet of our own country and time should take their place. If the English democracies are to have any sense of the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," or if they are to learn to love their own land

With love far brought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought,

from no source can they unconsciously imbibe such lessons better than from lines like these themselves and many others which accompany them. But the old question arises, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" Like all the greatest classics, Tennyson is often the simplest and most direct of writers, his words flashing their meaning and their potency from brain to brain and heart to heart without any need of note or comment. But this

not always so. Matthew Arnold called his poetry "distilled thought in distilled language." Such criticism does not hold good of lines like the often-quoted

But O for the touch of a vanished  
hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still,

but it is true of some of the more highly allusive and artistic pieces. And Tennyson is of course always artistic, even when simple, and often allusive. "Nature I loved and next to Nature Art"—so wrote one of his most scholarly and in some ways artificial predecessors. But Landor's loves alike of Nature and of Art were far more limited than were Tennyson's. It is for these reasons that Tennyson, like other classics, lends himself to, nay, needs, note and comment. This truth was discovered even during his lifetime. Every year since his death has emphasized it. Introductions, analyses, commentaries, have accumulated, until the "sacred poet" is in danger of being, in his own phrase, "swamped with himself." A learned and laborious Polish scholar has devoted a thick volume to an exhaustive and exhausting digest on the metrical phenomena of Tennyson which rivals any scholar's treatise on the choruses of Æschylus or the hexameters of Virgil. The poet and his son foresaw that the only salvation was for him to produce his own commentary, to say himself what needed saying, but as little as was necessary. Surely this is the ideal presentment of a classic. Moreover, Tennyson was a consummate critic both of others and himself. The result is

\* "The Works of Tennyson. Poems I." Annotated by Alfred Lord Tennyson. Edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson. (Macmillan, 4s. net.)

one for which lovers of his writings cannot be too grateful to both father and son, and especially to the latter. We are promised nothing less than a complete authoritative annotated edition of the poems. The earliest instalment, the annotated "In Memoriam," appeared just two years ago, but the first volume of the consecutive series is that before us, the "Early Poems." "In Memoriam" is a self-contained whole, a poem full of difficulties peculiar to itself. It was well that it should be the earliest of the series.

But we are now invited to begin at the beginning. Some critics find in these Early Poems, and mainly in the pastoral and romantic part of them, the true, or at any rate the truest and greatest, Tennyson. They think that the laureate Tennyson of later days, the Tennyson of the realm and empire, of "Maud," of the "Poems and Ballads," of "Rizpah," of "The Revenge," of "The Ancient Sage," and of "Crossing the Bar," is somehow less true and less poetic. That would seem to be a mistake. Professor Churton Collins takes a much juster view when he writes "It would be no exaggeration to say that Tennyson contributed more than any man who has ever lived to what may be called the higher political education of the English-speaking races." He grew with the growth and expansion of the England of his time in realm and empire not less than in science and idea. In all this he was always the real Tennyson, because always true to himself, and his very latest song, the "Silent Voices," is as true to the valley of the shadow as the delicious "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" is true to the fresh remembrance of the hour

When the breeze of a joyful dawn  
blew free  
In the silken sail of infancy.

"Old Fitz" made somewhat of the same criticism. But "Old Fitz" went further. He preferred the early versions of the Early Poems as they had been read, amid infinite tobacco smoke and youthful *schwärmerei* in the Cambridge divan, or as he had himself seen them evolved. The judicious and judicial Spedding took a more discriminating view. One further remark must be made, suggested by the little book itself. The so-called Early Poems are not the only early pieces. It is exceedingly difficult by internal evidence alone to distinguish between the earlier and the later Tennyson. No poet was ever more consistent with himself. Pieces published quite late had often been written quite early. Poems remained in his head for many years, sometimes already finished, but not written down, sometimes only begun. It was indeed because he remained so constantly the same from youth to age that he could unearth after forty, or fifty, or perhaps even sixty years, some "sallow scrap of manuscript" and add to it at last the finishing touch, the perfect form and glow which he required before he would give it to the world. But what is true is that youth has an exquisite exhilaration, a "first fine careless rapture" as well as a bitter-sweet and sometimes desperate melancholy, which constitute themselves a natural poetry. And it must be conceded to "Old Fitz" that the poems in this little volume have a charm, an intoxicating aroma of their own, the "old champagne flavor," as he characteristically called it. "The Ballad of Oriana," "The Dying Swan," "The Lady of Shalott," "The Miller's Daughter," the earlier "Cenone," "The Palace of Art," "A Dream of Fair Women," "The Lotos Eaters," how delightful they are! Without them Tennyson certainly would not be Tennyson. "Mighty" indeed was "The Wizard" who found the youthful poet

"sleeping at sunrise" and "learned him magic."

Great the Master  
And sweet the Magic  
When over the valley,  
In early summers,  
Over the mountain,  
On human faces,  
And all around me  
Moving to melody,  
Floated The Gleam.

*Nunc amet qui nondum amavit, quique amavit, nunc amet!* What greater treat for young or old could there be than to read them, or read them again, with the poet at our side as we have him in these notes?

For what is the effect of these notes? It is exactly this, to put the poems in their true place and setting, to restore the atmosphere in which they were written. If they only gave us authentically the date of each piece they would confer a real boon on all who care to trace the evolution of a poet and of that "poet's mind" which surely no poet ever described more poetically or truly than did Tennyson again and again throughout his poetic career. But they do more than this. They tell us the true sources alike in nature and in art on which he drew. They warn us also off false tracks. As Goethe says, he

Who would the poet understand  
Must travel in the poet's land.

These notes take us there, both geographically and metaphorically. Other critics and commentators have exhausted memory and ingenuity in identifying places and persons, in citing parallels, in finding far-fetched allusions. We learn here what to accept and what to reject. When Tennyson wished actually to describe no one could describe better. But when he wished to generalize and idealize, this too he could do to perfection. The

very early and beautiful "Ode to Memory" exhibits the first gift. Somersby village nestling sequestered under the steep-wooded "wolds," the "brook" which appears so often in the poems, the lawn, "the seven elms, the poplars four," all these are drawn from the life. It is interesting to know that the poet himself considered this one of the best of his early nature poems. "The May Queen" again, we hear, is "Lincolnshire inland," just as "Locksley Hall" is "Lincolnshire sea-board."

But from the first art mingled with nature. Among the sand dunes at Mablethorpe the boy poet remembered his Homer and found "the infant Ilion of the mind." The "moated grange" is no particular grange, but "rose to the music of Shakespeare's words." The very diction is significant. Here, indeed, is the revival of the romantic, shown again in its echo of the "Ballad of Clerk Saunders."

Too much has been made of Tennyson's indebtedness to other writers. As he quotes from Goethe, in the note of which a facsimile is given, "it is the prosaic mind that finds plagiarism in passages that only prove the common brotherhood of man." But less than justice has perhaps been done to the extent to which he was steeped in Shakespeare, or to the range of his classical scholarship. Homer, Sappho, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Theocritus, Callimachus, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Statius, Heraclitus, Plato are among the ancient authors upon whom these notes show that he draws. In English, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, the old ballads, and Morte d'Arthur are the sources to which he owes most. The yet earlier "Poems by Two Brothers" showed a tendency to drag in learning and science and to sow them "with the whole sack." It still appears in the "Early Poems," more particularly in



the passages which later judgment led him to prune and suppress. The light, indeed, which these notes throw on this very process is one of their most interesting features. They show at once and equally Tennyson's *felicitas* and his *curiositas*, as well as the way in which the one ministered to the other. Many of the lines and stanzas excised and given in these notes, are in themselves extremely beautiful. Almost all display the touch of the master. And yet it is true that he was right to omit them. The same criticism holds good of the suppressed poems. In an annotated and illustrative edition Lord Tennyson has done well to reprint his father's "Hesperides" and even the Cambridge Prize Poem "Timbuctoo." Both are dear, and both should be accessible, to the student of Tennyson. Both, it may

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be remembered, have commended themselves to other poets. It was Mr. Swinburne who begged Tennyson to reprint the "Hesperides." "Timbuctoo" has suffered from its strange name and the still stranger story of its evolution out of a poem on Armageddon. But Matthew Arnold when a boy at school had the discrimination to discover its merit, and it has its place in the evolution not only of Tennyson but of English blank verse. It reminds the reader of Shelley, and it is worth noting that, like Shelley, Tennyson in 1832 knew and could quote his Chapman. A monograph might well be written on it, but not in these columns. This little volume then is in itself a little classic, and part of a greater, which we shall look forward with keen interest to seeing gradually completed.

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### TEA PARTIES.

Talk at country tea-tables is not what it used to be. Everything has changed except the talkers. Gossip no longer plays a pre-eminent part. There is gossip, of course, but it is introduced surreptitiously or with an apology. Larger subjects (by the by, is there any subject larger than human nature?) form the staple of interest. The change is general. The equipment for the change is as yet somewhat partial. Very few families talk much when they are alone together. The stimulus of the stranger is almost necessary to discussion. That is why, with their heads full of newspapers, new theories, and new books, the women who live out of London and have time to read brave the mist and the mud on winter afternoons to pour forth their thoughts over each other's tea-tables. Occasionally there are men to be met on these occasions, but women of course predominate very

largely. They set the tone, they guide the talk, and it is surprising how very well they agree. This agreement must be ascribed, no doubt, less to unanimity of conclusion than to similarity of standpoint. Almost all women who think at all approach every subject from the ethical side,—at any rate, they do at teatime. They are all of them hereditary students of right and wrong, and hereditary training makes them at home in the domain of morals. Also the rights and wrongs both of men and matters can be settled with less intimate knowledge of the persons and things concerned than can any question of practical possibility. It is of course true that a conspicuous minority of women have abandoned the ethical strongholds of the past, but they never move far away from them. Either they stand without, intent upon battering them down, or they stand within, determined to hold the

fort. The talkers of whom we are speaking do not belong to the belligerent party outside. Now and then one of them will—if we may be permitted to continue our metaphor—dart out of the time-honored shelter, and in a spirit of bravado make a warlike noise on the other side of the door, proclaiming in a loud voice some sentiment of startling unconventionality. No more, however, than a pleasant diversion is created by these sallies, which are seldom taken quite seriously. A sense of slight and very improbable danger does but add a zest to the commonplace joys of security.

As we said before, personal conversation is now but sparingly indulged in at country parties, and what there is has undergone a change. The new virtue of tolerance is conspicuous at the tea-table. A witty defence will bring down the house, and to dismiss from the conversation a victim of popular censure without a stain on his or her character is a far greater triumph than any to which ill-nature can lay claim. The new education has largely counteracted the acidity for which the gossip of women used to be famous, but of course the type of woman who is commonly compared to a cat is not extinct in any society. Education can neither kill nor correct her. Her cultivation serves only to poison her claws, and the sad thing is that few of her acquaintance know their danger until they are wounded. An able woman is seldom suspected of cruelty, and, worst of all, she never suspects herself, but will confuse her spite with insight and candor until her dying day. But putting aside these rare people, the only danger which lurks in tea-table gossip arises from the fact that women have such a craving for conclusions. Men like gossip just as well as women do. Perhaps in the particular class with which we are dealing

men enjoy it more than women, for other subjects are less new to them, and they are therefore less eager to thrash them out. They want to know what Dick and Tom and Maud and Mary did at least as much as their wives do; but they are content to know what they did without drawing a hard-and-fast conclusion from their doings as to what they are. They do not want to label them all as saints or sinners, knaves or fools. Their interest is often a philosophical one in human nature. Their wives' interest is a more strictly ethical one in conduct and in character. This love of conclusions, however, which women feel even more strongly in abstract than in concrete matters, tends to make conversation amusing. They always begin their study of a subject at the wrong end—with a certainty, for which they seek reasons, though the just-minded among them often surrender that certainty in the long run; *i.e.*, they sadly admit that they must adopt an opposite conclusion, for the mental discomfort involved in a suspended judgment not one woman in a hundred will stand.

Of course at tea, as at every other entertainment, a great deal depends upon the hostess. If she is a lady who, until the recent conversational revolution, never thought at all upon questions which she considered only suited to the intelligence of men, she will create her own atmosphere and have a noticeable effect upon the talk of her guests. Probably what she lacks in skill she makes up in zeal and assurance. No one fears to speak. No one is held back by the thought that she may be talking nonsense. In such a house no data whatever are required to support conclusions, and nothing but advertisement is needed to recommend panaceas. One lady will consolidate the Empire in martial glory, while her neighbor will dissolve it in transcendental peace. One believes that com-

pulsory and universal military service will endow all men with all the virtues that have ever distinguished any military hero, and would maintain the same in the face of all the red-coated rascals who ever lived from the first George until now. Her neighbor sees no salvation for the world but in immediate and complete disarmament, and desires ardently that at all risks her own country should be the first to proclaim the new era. Accoutred in her own aspirations, she would not be afraid with the enemy in the gate. One speaker would like to see the rich and the poor legally tied down to their respective positions, in which, when once all hope and fear of displacement is taken away, they will perform their duties as in the millennium. Another would have them legally hunted from their respective places and mutually forced to undertake each other's hereditary trades, to the great increase, as she believes, of the aggregate of happiness. But neither men nor women need to be ignorant in order to be ardent, and there are tea-table hostesses in the country who have honestly read most of the standard books on one side,—and that means that they have learned by implication something of the other. At their houses the more irresponsible talkers hold their tongues, play the parts of seconds in one or two fairly well fought duels, or gossip by them-

*The Spectator.*

selves in a corner. But under the auspices of a literary hostess all forms of intellectual riot are held in check. "Life," which means novels and plays, is discussed. Mr. Bernard Shaw is burned in effigy or qualifies for canonization in the same drawing-room; and no more ambitious schemes are promulgated than those which would rehouse the slum population or reform the "smart set," disestablish the Church or abolish the Athanasian Creed.

Seriously, however, a great deal of sense as well as nonsense is talked over the tea-table. Everywhere we find a sprinkling of practical women whose ideas on every subject are the clearer for the necessity of bringing up a large family or making a small living. By the stimulus of the intellectual tea-party they are spurred to read, to think, and to argue. If in the beginning they read, talk, and think too often in the hope of supporting a prejudice, it is better than not doing so at all, and, oddly enough, a prejudice supported by consideration is always less stable than a prejudice resting in the air. At worst the amusement is perfectly innocent, and before any one is tired—and often before any one is converted—the year has turned, the winter afternoon gaieties are over, and the mind of the country lady begins once more to concentrate itself upon her garden.

## THE EXTINCTION OF BIRDS.

It might be thought that the bird was particularly well equipped for resisting the forces that make for the extinction of species. Far better able than the mammals to escape from narrow surroundings; living a life that gives scope to the intelligence and energetic faculties; endowed in a pre-eminent degree with courage and an

æsthetic sense, and their corollary, a strong selective instinct! the bird should be the last to allow itself to be shut up in an island and there to dwindle into impotence, and to perish at the first inletting of fresh elements of competition. When we think of the periodic and casual exchanges that take place between the bird population

of our islands and that of Europe, Africa, Asia, and even America, and the apparent feebleness of some of the wanderers, we are scarcely prepared for the long list of extinct species that the islands of the world (and the continents in less degree), have to offer.

The northern species, for the most part, hold their own. They are not only harder than the birds of the tropics, but almost universally given to the habit of seasonal migration. We do not forget the great auk, the Labrador duck, and the few others that form the exception that proves the rule. The overwhelming proportion of the long list of birds extinct within historic times, dealt with by Mr. Walter Rothschild in his new book,<sup>1</sup> are examples of the degenerating tendencies of a tropical existence. The dodo is the best known—that wingless pigeon, many times the size of a flying pigeon, that awaited so long on Mauritius the fate that was certain to befall it the first time the island should be visited by sailors pining for fresh meat. The island of Réunion supplied an almost exact counterpart in the Bourbon dodo, and a third though importantly different bird existed not far away in Rodriguez. The last was far less “ineptus” than the dodo, or the Bourbon solitaire, being endowed with strong legs for running, though, like them, it had given up the use of its wings. It was, says L<sup>é</sup>guat, “wonderfully beautiful.” He compares it, indeed, to a beautiful woman. “They walk with so much stateliness and good grace that one cannot help admiring them and loving them, by which means their fine mien often saves their lives. As soon as they are caught, they shed tears, without crying, and refuse all manner of sustenance, till they die.”

<sup>1</sup> “Extinct Birds.” With 45 colored plates embracing 63 subjects and other illustrations. By the Hon. Walter Rothschild, Ph.D., F.Z.S. Hutchinson. £25.

From L<sup>é</sup>guat’s description of this running solitaire, we can imagine that its imprisonment had been less protracted than that of the dodo, or that it had some enemy, not so persistent as to keep it on the wing but active enough to make it keep its legs in use. The art of flying, which fascinates the featherless biped so much that many of us would give our arms for wings, seems to be rather a bore than otherwise to the birds themselves. It is fear, not pleasure, that has given the bird wings, and the vivacity, intelligence, and æsthetic tastes it displays are rather the outcome of flight than its cause. As soon as the necessity for wings is abolished, the bird begins to give up the pleasures of flight, and to indulge its carnal appetite instead. Parrots, Amazons, and macaws are among those that, without entirely giving up the use of the wing, suffer themselves to be cut off from their kindred by a few miles of sea, and many of them are figured in this gallery of extinct beauties. The imaginative avine temperament lends itself easily to any tendency towards variation, and it is far more likely that specific differences have arisen after geographical severance, than that each island should be the last standing-place of a species once far more widely distributed. The St. Kilda wren is just as certainly a descendant of the mainland wren as the man of St. Kilda, in whom, by the way, Mr. Kearton has shown some points of variation, is a descendant of a mainland race.

Mr. Rothschild names in his list of causes tending towards specific extinction the draining of marsh lands, the stripping of forests, and other direct or indirect changes, such as the introduction of a new enemy or the destruction of an old food. The first cause may be said to have operated to a considerable extent in this country, for the draining of the fens of Norfolk

and Cambridge has driven away many species once very abundant. So has the sanitation of London abolished the kite, though it can scarcely be said to have been the cause that has driven it into the mountains of Wales. The spoon-bill and the kite are as common as ever throughout the world, and it is conceivable that when all bogs have been drained and the exhibition of carrion made the rarest occurrence, they may still find a living. Darwin has reminded us that there are still woodpeckers on the plains of La Plata, where not a tree grows, and that others of the family in North America have become frugivorous, while yet others get their living as fly-catchers. It is difficult to destroy a numerous and widespread race by taking away its food. Some members of it will manage to adapt themselves to a substitute, and gradually the vitality that produced so large a horde will flow full-tide in the new direction.

Even London has its dodo. In the green island of the parks, surrounded by a sea of bricks and mortar, the wood-pigeon, one of the wildest and most active birds of the country, and a visitor to and from the Continent, is slowly accumulating lethargic habits and their consequences, that may some day justify us in naming it *Columba inepta*. Countrymen who have seen and admired the wild cushat in high flight at the rate of sixty miles an hour almost fail to recognize the species in the fat thing waddling among the sparrows, feeding from the fingers of man and scarcely deigning to open its wings for the purpose of scrambling into the low bush in which its nest is perennially built. The fear of rats and cats is just sufficient to keep it from abandoning the air altogether and building and living on the ground. Even as it is, a removal of the fond protection that makes its easy life safe would in a few weeks cause

the extinction of the London wood-pigeon.

There are two notable instances of lost species that are not covered by the facts just considered. One is the Passenger pigeon of North America. Up to the forties of last century it must have numbered myriads. When it moved about the country the air was darkened for miles, the roosting birds destroyed forests and the inhabitants of wide districts ate nothing but pigeon for weeks together. Its nesting area in Ontario covered hundreds of square miles of continuous rookery, single trees in which have been known to contain ninety nests. Mr. Rothschild accounts the species extinct in a wild state and says that the sole remainder of the race is a group of five birds in the possession of Professor Whitman, of Chicago. Reports collected for many years by the editor of "Recreation," however, are hard to overlook and seem to point to a distinct revival in the history of the passenger pigeons. Every year since 1891 Mr. Shields has had accounts sent to him from Manitoba, Wisconsin, and several parts of Canada, and as late as 1903 a band of three hundred birds was said to be inhabiting a happily remote part of Pennsylvania. But even if these reports are all true, the passenger pigeon stands as a continental species of enormous numbers brought to the very verge of extinction almost in the space of a human generation. The Labrador duck was never nearly so common, but up to a few years ago lived an apparently healthy existence in a range whose winter extension covered a good deal of the Hudson Bay Company's territory. The collector is not accountable for its disappearance. Some cataclysm or far-reaching misfortune of which we know nothing has visited it probably in its nesting ground and extinguished an interesting species whose nearest relative, so far

as feathered appearance goes, is the old squaw. There is, however, many another species of duck, notably among those coming from the south, that the American gunner seems likely soon to exterminate. Extinction by human agency works with geometrical acceleration. Soon the common bird begins to get a little rare, and every

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specimen acquires a market value above that which the pot gives it. Then the price of its skin goes up from shillings to pounds and the bird is not only shot at sight but waited for and sought out. It is a sad story and one which surely does no credit to our civilization.

## A MUSICAL COMEDY.

Of course I am still glad that I bought the pianola. It is, as the man said a fortnight ago, a handsome addition to any gentleman's room. And it plays—it plays beautifully; that really was why I bought it. But I hate being rushed. Though I can make up my mind as quickly as any man when it is necessary, yet I must say that I prefer time in which to weigh a matter over carefully. Let us consider both sides. I say to myself. *Pro.*: I want a pianola. *Con.*: But the man will want some money for it.

In this case I was simply rushed into it; and, though I hesitate to put the blame upon a woman, still I cannot help repeating that it was entirely Mary's fault. I depended upon her moral support to get me out of that shop, and she failed me.

The business was all over in a second. I wanted a couple of gramophone records; and Mary, being an authority on music, came to help me choose them. We stopped before an extremely harmonious-looking shop, and considered for a moment.

"I should think they'd have them here," I said. "Shall we go in and see?"

"They're sure to," said Mary; "and if they haven't we can come out again."

"That's all very well for you. Women *can* do a thing like that, but

it's different with us. I've never yet been into a shop without buying something. And most men would say the same."

"Cheer up. I'll see you out all right."

That, mark you, was a promise. We went inside.

"Good afternoon," said Mary.

"Good afternoon," said a very polite man.

There was a pause, and I thought it was time I took a turn in the conversation.

"We want—that is, I want some gramophone records."

"We have no gramophone records here, sir; we only have pianolas."

Now, I ask you, what could a man say to that? It is easy to be wise after the event, but for the moment all I saw was that the conversation had to be continued somehow. I glanced at Mary. A woman's tact was wanted here; besides she had promised.

She was looking out of the window, the traitor! I waited a little longer: the polite man also waited. I coughed nervously. The situation was getting awkward.

I coughed again. . . . and then I said, in a husky voice, really the only thing that was left to say.

"Oh, well, then," I said, "I suppose I shall have to have some pianolas."

There was a gleam of triumph in the man's eyes.



"Certainly, sir. How many would you like?"

Then Mary broke in—quite unnecessarily, because I had already determined on the number.

"We'd better have one to begin with, and then if we like it we can—"

"If you would just step upstairs, madam."

We were upstairs in no time, and the man was patting an enormous pianola on the back.

"This," he said, "is the very best quality instrument we are turning out." He put his foot on the loud pedal, and played three impressive chords. "Beautiful tone, you see, sir."

"Is that a beautiful tone?" I asked Mary.

"Beautiful," said Mary.

"I particularly wanted a beautiful tone," I said. "How much is it?"

He came up very close to us.

"I may tell you in confidence," he said, "that you have looked in at a very lucky moment. This is the last hour of our biennial sale, and we have just this one instrument over." He patted it kindly. "In the ordinary way I should charge you two thousand eight hundred and ninety-five pounds, but seeing that it is the sale and you are new customers, I will let you have it for two thousand eight hundred and ninety-four."

"Thank you," I said, "thank you, indeed."

"Net," he added.

"Net by all means," I agreed. "Well, what do you think?" I asked Mary.

I am convinced that Mary might have explained even then that we were only asking for a friend. But not she.

"Yes, I think so," she said.

I turned again to the shopman.

"I think it is a beautiful instrument," I said, "and I particularly like the tone. May I go home now, and think it all over, and then I'll come and buy it to-morrow?"

He looked at his watch.

"There is an American colonel coming in to glance at it in five minutes. It lies between him and another American colonel. And of course the sale price would not be available to-morrow. Still—"

(I felt in my pockets. "How much have you got?" I whispered to Mary. "Twenty-eight shillings about." "Yes, that's what I've got.")

"It's like this," I said nervously. "I've only got two thousand eight hundred and ninety-three—I mean, I've only got three pounds on me."

"That's quite all right, sir. You can, if you like, pay three pounds down, and two hundred a month for twenty years instead."

"Two hundred—now that does seem much less. Then I think—at least I'm not quite—"

"Perhaps we'd better sign before the colonel comes. He'll be here in two minutes now . . . Just there . . . Thank you."

"You haven't helped me a bit," I whispered to Mary, as I got up and walked round the pianola.

"Is it all mine now?" I asked. "Oh, that reminds me. They're very expensive to feed, these things, aren't they. How many rolls do they get through a day?"

"We can sell you the rolls separately, sir, or you can join a library. If you join the library you sign just there. . . . Thank you."

"Have you a music-stool?" asked the faithless Mary.

"A music-stool would be just there, sir. . . . Thank you. How about the color, sir? We can stain it any color you like. Walnut—mahogany?"

"What about walnut?" I said.

"Oh, mahogany," said Mary.

"Mahogany would be just there, sir. . . . Thank you. I'll send you a copy of the agreement. And now is there anything else you'd like?"

I looked at Mary and rubbed my head.

"There *was* something, I know."

"Was there?"

"Of course there was. Don't you Punch.

remember? Something—no—yes—wait, I've got it!"

I turned triumphantly to the man.

"We want some gramophone records," I said.

A. A. M.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Jeweled Toad" written by Isabel M. Johnston, and decorated with gay pictures by W. W. Denslow printed in colors is a bright and fanciful little story, which will appeal pleasantly to the imagination of small readers, without keeping them awake o' nights by any figures of horror. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Wide observation and long practical experience have gone to the making of Mr. Robert Luce's manual "Writing for the Press" and it is not surprising that a new edition, the fifth, should be called for. At least every other person attempts sooner or later to write something for print, and while a large proportion of them fail and deserve to, there are some who would achieve some slight success if they took the trouble to familiarize themselves with the elementary principles of preparing "copy." To all such persons Mr. Luce's book will prove a useful guide and monitor. Even persons who do not seek to express themselves except in conversation and correspondence will find Mr. Luce's chapters on synonyms and the nice use of words extremely helpful. Mr. Luce's book is published by the Clipping Bureau Press.

Robert W. Service, author of "The Spell of Yukon and Other Verses" is described by his admirers as a "Canadian Kipling" and there certainly is a resemblance between the two, though it is a resemblance with a difference. There is a virile quality in

Mr. Service's verse which disposes the reader to a lenient judgment upon its occasional indelicacy. Such poems as "The Call of the Wild" and "The Law of the Yukon" have a lyric swing which gives them a strong appeal, and now and then there is a note of admonition in homely words, as in these lines from "The Reckoning":

Time has got a little bill—get wise  
while yet you may  
For the debit side's increasing in a  
most alarming way;  
The things you had no right to do, the  
things you should have done,  
They're all put down; it's up to you to  
pay for every one.  
So eat, drink and be merry, have a  
good time if you will,  
But God help you when the time comes,  
and you

Foot the bill.

Edward Stern & Co. Philadelphia, publishers.

The principal character in "My Merry Rockhurst" the latest of the Castle novels, is one of that immense bodyguard of best friends who, according to the novelists, returned from the continent with the Second Charles at the Restoration, and the monarch gives him his name because of the severe countenance which, according to popular belief, by no means indicates his habitual manner of living. In a series of short stories, the authors show that in spite of appearances his devoted loyalty is the real index to his character, and that he is capable of displaying its equivalent in friend-

ship with his equals, in kindness to his inferiors, and in self-sacrifice for his only son. Tragedy lurks near in all the stories, and through the horror of the plague and the terror of the fire comes closer until the blow falls and My Merry Rockhurst is dead. The author's art, persuading the reader to indifference to the approach of peril and to easy assurance that the haughty peer will evade it, makes his sudden death a genuine shock even to a seasoned novel-tester, and, slight as the book seemed at first, one has to own that in it the Castles have surpassed themselves. The Macmillan Co.

The two volumes in which Professor F. W. Chandler tells the story of "The Literature of Roguery," are intensely interesting, not only to readers of such fiction as Ainsworth's and such later novels as Sir Conan Doyle's, but of the great mass of English literature in which rogues, real or imaginary, or real rogues remodelled by imagination appear even in a few scenes. The first volume traces the Spanish, French, German, and Dutch sources of English picaresque literature, and its domestic sources, such as the Beggar Books, the cony-catching pamphlets, prison tracts, and the more ambitious lexicons and dictionaries of cant of which there are a formidable number. The lives of pirates and of highwaymen, the rogues of Elizabethan and Stuart drama and fiction, and of the nineteenth century stage complete this volume. In the second volume the picaresque novels of great Anna's time, of Scott and of the Victorian writers are discussed; the penultimate chapter takes up the latest fictitious types, and the last criticizes the detective story. The great merit of the "Types of English Literature Series" to which this book belongs is that each volume necessarily reviews many centuries, and thus compels the reader to take a com-

prehensive view of all personages, authors and compositions cited. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It was an exceedingly lucky chance by which, when the Pennsylvania University orator for the year 1907 was compelled to give up his task, it devolved upon Mr. Owen Wister, and those who read "The Seven Ages of Washington," founded upon his oration, will henceforth grudge him to fiction. Why should he spend his days in making his own puppets—good as they are in posture and voice—strut their little hour, when he can compel the dry bones of records and documents to take flesh and motion and audible speech and present before our eyes the image of a great, real man from the hand of the Divine Author? With a true magician's touch Mr. Wister has evoked his Washington—tall, noble of presence, stately of speech and manner; habitually grave because full of thought but humorous; as capable of deep and sickening anger as an Italian, and as sensitive to injustice and to the imputation of wrong doing; loving his pen and using it to define and enforce his wishes, much to the disgust of the slack-minded and the rebellious; as careful of details as he was capable of viewing a project or an accomplishment in bulk; a perfect citizen, a great general, a man of gentle will, who understood his country and its people, and guided them to freedom, defending them alike from the foreign foe and from their own faults and infirmities of purpose. The little book should be in every school library and ship and military-post library in the country. The volume is illustrated with portraits of Washington's mother and wife, and with the Beale, Stuart and Savage portraits and a picture of the Houdon statue, and Washington's book-plate is reproduced on each end paper. The Macmillan Co.

The systematic reader, that unattractive person to whom no author addresses wistful apostrophes, but who finishes more novels than all the "kind," "gentle," and "tolerant" readers in the world, will, after looking over three or four pages of Mr. Warren Cheney's "His Wife" be moved to make a list of cheerful, easy names such as Nebuchadnezzar, Zedekiah and Jehoshaphat, and, setting them in parallel columns with the names which Mr. Cheney bestows upon his characters, patiently substitute the simple Hebrew or Babylonish appellations for Akoulina Fedosyeona, Praskodia Egorona or Pavel Pavelovitch. Doubtless, it is the Russian custom to remind a man of his parentage when addressing him, but to retain the patronymic in a story intended for English-speaking persons is to set up a barrier between author and reader, and the tale deserves better treatment, for its central idea is really original. The hero, refusing to believe in the death of his wife, leaves the Russian military post at which he is employed to return two years later with a woman who, taking pity on his crazy assertions that she is his wife "come again," has left her home for his sake without marriage to be rewarded, when he recovers his sanity by his apparent unconsciousness that honor requires him to give her his name. Their constrained behavior towards one another arouses suspicion in the little community and at length brings an accusation of treason upon both of them, but the author confers happiness upon them after long suspense. Still, a new idea is a boon in fiction and the story deserves reading. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland publishes in two volumes a detailed and extremely satisfactory

general Index to the just-completed series of "Early Western Travels" edited by Dr. Reuben Thwaites. It contains many thousands of references and cross references, and the effect is to put the reader at once into full possession, for purposes of reference and comparison, of all the treasures of historical information contained in the thirty-seven different works which are included in the thirty volumes of the series. As a record of the most important century of American expansion and development,—the period lying between the middle of the eighteenth and the middle of the nineteenth century, there is no work extant which approaches in interest or in enduring value the reprints of travels embraced in this series. The value of the series is enhanced by the fact that while the introductions and notes furnish a sort of thread connecting the several works and showing their mutual relations, no attempt has been made to rewrite or condense or to bring into a single narrative the works included in the series. In each case we have the original story as told by each traveller, with all the vividness of personal experience and the marks of personal idiosyncrasy. Here is a gain in graphic quality over any other method. We see in these pages the great middle and far west in the making, described by men who witnessed and recorded every stage in the process and who could never have dreamed that the wildernesses which they traversed would become the sites of great cities and the dwelling place of a vast and prosperous population drawn from every quarter of the globe. The editor and publishers deserve high praise for the courage, sagacity and breadth of view which led them to conceive this undertaking, and to carry it through on such large and generous lines to so satisfactory a conclusion.

